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STRAY LEAVES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

Some months since an American gentleman, distinguished for the assiduity and success of his American historical researches, obtained from Europe a consignment of manuscripts referring particularly to the past of Mexico, the West Indies and the Spanish Among them are nine volumes of the papers of Admirals Sir Charles Wager and Edward Vernon, who, in the times in which they were written, commanded his Britannic Majesty's squadrons operating off the coast of the North American colonies, the West Indies, and, generally, in and near the Mexican Gulf. Kindly permitting a friend of somewhat similar tastes to read them and copy such as he judged of peculiar public interest, the latter has placed at our disposal the result of his fortnight's examination, which we here give to the world, as embracing an exceedingly curious development of the spirit of the times and the policy originally governing Britain and Spain respectively, with reference to this continent. They also show conclusively that political morals-of nations-a century ago, were far behind those which now prevail in point of integrity of national purpose, and respect for what were then considered national rights. By way of accounting for the remarkable part our parent government

that her statesmen utterly denied the authority of the Pope to cede to Spain the vast and valuable domain in the New World, which she claimed in virtue of that functionary's grant; that is, to so much as she had failed to colonize. The commercial laws enacted by Spain for her American possessions, nominal and real, were undoubtedly most oppressive to the commerce of other nations; and after finding remonstrance to be in vain, Britain adopted the system of encouraging buccaneering or privateering upon Spanish bottoms and settlements, by way of harassing that government until its citizens should, for the sake of peace, force it to grant the privileges to her citizens for which she contended.

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No. 1 is a copy of the terms of capitulation at the surrender of Fort St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagre, to Admiral Vernon, March 24, 1739; Britain and Spain

being then nominally at peace.

Admiral Vernon was the relative of the Washington family, after whom Mount Vernon on the Potomac was called, who, it will be remembered, procured the appointment of a midshipman in the British Navy for George Washington when a youth, which he declined. He (Vernon) was indeed the Nelson of his times.

No 2 is a list of certain cargoes arriving in the bay of Cadiz on the 13th of March, 1739, found among these manuscripts, preserved as though the desire to possess themselves of such treasures formed perhaps the greatest inducement for the proceedings of

the English in those waters.

No. 3 is a letter from Mr. William Hamilton, bearing date May 14th, 1739, to the government, covering his proposal for taking Cuba, Britain and Spain being then at peace.

This project was carried out (in its essential features) in 1762, when on the 12th of August of that year Havana capitulated to a combined English and colonial force. About \$14,000,000 of the money of the King of Spain fell into the hands of the victors. In the first division of this spoil, the English commander-in-chief (of the expedition) was awarded for his share £86,000.

The Lt. General got £17,207 13s. 6d.

The Major Generals each received £4,839 4s. 8d.

The Brigadier Generals, each, £1,382 0s. 9d.

The Field Officers, each, £379 10s. 11d.

The Captains, each, £130 15s. 9d.
The Subalterns and Surgeons, each, £80
15s. 9d.

The Sergeants, each, £6 6s. 10d. The Corporals, each, £3 6s. 10d.

The Privates, each, £2 17s. 11d.

The heirs of those killed in the action (dying before the 12th) received no prize money.

It is worthy of note, that by an unexpected decision of the law officers of England, the colonists serving on this expedition were deprived of all share in this prize money.

An elder brother of General Washington made one of those participating from the

colony of Virginia.

No. 4 is the project of William Hamilton above refered to.

No. 5 is a copy of the instructions from the Duke of Newcastle to Admiral Brown, commander of the Jamaica squadron, dated June 15th, 1739, ordering that officer to war on the persons and property of Spanish subjects. In this paper the Minister justifies this order—the countries being at peace -on account particularly of the failure of the King of Spain to pay £95,000 on the 29th of the previous month, according to the terms of an existing convention. On the 20th of August, 1739, the King of Spain published a manifesto in explanation of his reasons for failing to make the payment; alleging that Britain had neglected to comply with the stipulations on her part, in consideration of which Spain had agreed to pay that sum. In pursuance of these instructions the Chester, Capt. Haddock, on the 23d of September, 1739, captured the St. Joseph, a Spanish galleon, off Cadiz, from Carraccas, acquiring an immense booty. On the 12th of the following month, (October,) the King of England formally declared the existence of the war by proclamation. The expedition against the possessions of the King of France on the Ohio, ending in the memorable defeat of General Braddock, bythe-by, was undertaken by the British Government before declaring the existence of the war which followed.

No. 6 is an interesting memorial to Lord Harrington, (without signature,) bearing date, 18th June, 1739, relative to the proposed renewal of the attempt to colonize at

Darien.

No. 7 is Admiral Sir Charles Wager's project for taking Carthagena and Panama, and harassing the Spaniards every where on the coast and waters of the Pacific. This paper bears date, Nov. 6, 1739.

No. 8 is a copy of a letter from Admiral Vernon to His Excellency Governor Dottin, of Barbadoes, complaining of the manner in which his operations were being crippled for the want of proper co-operation on the part

of others.

No. 9 is a dispatch, (the particular address wanting,) bearing date, Jan. 28, 1740, relating an account of a sea-fight between six English vessels and four French, (the nations being then at peace,) the former aiming to enforce the right of search, and the latter successfully resisting it.

No. 10, a project for the reduction of the

province of Guatemala and securing the trade of Peru, &c., submitted to the English Ministry on the 3d of March, 1740, by Mr. William Lea.

No. 11, a report or dispatch bearing date, April 12, 1740, from Mr. Robert Hodgson, the agent sent by His Excellency, Governor Trelawney, of Jamaica, to take possession of the Mosquito Coast, formally raising the British standard there, for the first time.

No. 12, a letter bearing date, May 7th, 1740, from a Spanish gentleman in Panama to his friend in Carthagena, describing the business condition of those regions, owing to the _____ redations committed by the British

fleets and privateers.

No. 13, an account (dated, May 11th, 1740) of the high-handed, illegal, and cruel proceedings of a New-York privateer, commanded by John Lush, in the vicinity of Porto Bello, being a report or narrative from Lieut. Charles Wimbleton, R. N.

No. 14, Mr. Robert Hodgson's second report to Governor Trelawney, (dated, June 21st, 1740,) describing his proceedings among the Mosquito Indians, the failure of his scheme for surprising and plundering Panama, &c., &c.

No. 15, an addition to the dispatch last above mentioned, written on the 12th of

July, 1740.

The style of composition and orthography of the originals were adhered to in making these transcripts as nearly as possible, words being supplied (to perfect the sense) which had accidentally been omitted by the writers.

The publication of these papers has necessarily suggested to our mind the importance of the preservation of the valuable American historical library of Col. Peter Force, of Washington City, which is said to consist of some 30,000 printed volumes and nearly 150,000 manuscript volumes, and important single manuscripts, all of which bear on the history of this continent, north and south, and the islands on its coasts. It is beyond question the most important and valuable collection upon American history in the world, and should be in the custody of the United States, rather than as at present the property of a private individual, kept in buildings which are not fire-proof.

Mr. Force, who is the compiler of the "American Archives," has devoted the greater part of a long and useful life, and March 29, 1739:—

the profits from his labors on that great work, in building up this library, which, if not obtained by the Government before his death, will probably be disposed of by the auctioneer "in lots to suit purchasers;" thus entirely destroying its value. It will be almost impossible in such an event to prevent many of the most important works and papers which it embraces from going abroad, as foreign governments and literary societies hesitate not to pay prices for such things, which in this country would be considered enormous. We close this introduction with an acknowledgment of the great value of the historical researches of Colonel Force, the more cheerfully, because, in a late number of this Review, injustice was done to that gentleman, entirely without the knowledge or consent of the proprietor, in an article bearing wholly on a different subject.

1

Articles of capitulation granted by Edward Vernon, Esq., Vice Admiral of the Blue, and Commander-in-Chief of His Britannic Mojesty's ships and vessels in the West Indies, to Don Juan Carlos Gutierez de Zavalla, Captain of Foot and Castillano of the Castle St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagre.

1st. That upon His Britannic Majesty's troops being put into immediate possession of the Fort St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagre, the said Castillano and all his garrison be at full liberty to march without any molestation, and may retire into the village of Chagre, or where else they please.

2d. That the inhabitants of Chagre may remain in all safety in their own houses, under a promise of security to their persons

and houses.

3d. That the Guarda Costa sloops be delivered up to the use of his Britannic Majesty, in the condition they are, and the King of Spain's Custom House.

4th. That the Clergy and Churches in the Town of Chagre shall be protected and

preserved in all their immunities.

Given under my hand, on board His Britannic Majesty's ship, the Strafford, at anchor before the river Chagre, this, 24th of March, 1739. E. Vernon.

Immediately preceding a paper dated
March 29, 1739:—

List of the cargoes of three men-of-war and register ships which arrived from Buenos Ayres, in the bay of Cadiz, the 13th of March, 1739.

Silver coin, 1,317,520 ps. of eight. Wrought do., 7,960 marks. Gold coin, 3,340 pistoles. Ingots and wrought do., 1,203 ounces. Hides in the hair, 29,903. Wool Vicunio, 1,309, arrobes. do. Alpaita, 64, Elephants' teeth, 61 quintals.

Tallow, 184 barrels.

From Mr. Hamilton, in Strafford street, Picadilly, the 14th May, 1736.

SIR :- If ever the heart of man conceived any thing for yo service of his country and those he honours, I have, in what you receive herewith to serve mine and its govert.

I am convinced, from my own knowledge of the people and things of America, that what I propose is to be accomplished.

I will not take upon me to represent to you ye inconceivable advantages which would accrue to this nation from its being poesssed of the place mentioned, but I will venture to say, were it to be gained at this time, it would be a definite blow to all S' Robert Walpole's opposers, and render his memory more glorious and imortall than all the ministers that ever served the crown of England.

However, sir, tho' neither you nor he should approve of the designe, yet I can make one part of yo proposall a means of establishing a general fund in America, weh will be of great service in several respects. If I could but know that my intention met wth your approbation it would give me a sensible pleasure, but I submit that to your goodness; and whatever you may think of me, I am, with great respect, sir, your most obed and most humble serv

J. HAMILTON. Endorsed on back, "With a proposall for taking Cuba."

A proposall to take the Island of Cuba with very little expence to England, by a force raised in the American Colonies.

If the crown of England could become possessed of the island of Cuba, that key of all America, no man of knowledge can denye but | island of Cuba and land in the bay of Ma-

that Great Britain, in that case, must become possessed of the whole trade of the Spanish empire there, and if the simple privilege of trading with those people upon very high terms is now become one of the greatest prizes contended for by all the powers in Europe, sure England will not neglect any opportunity weh is offered of acquiring such a possession as must infallibly secure that whole invaluable trade to its subjects alone. especially since Great Britain is now in a fair way of loosing all the trade she has hitherto had with those parts. * is proposed therefore to take Cuba without putting England to any material expence or trouble, in y° following manner, viz':

For a person of conduct and experience to be commissioned from hence, for the chief command in this expedition to take Cuba, &c.

That as soon as such person is so commissioned and properly instructed, he is to repair with all expedition to America, and at the same time another proper person should be commissioned and sent to America, with instructions to begin at the most northern colony and proceed from one province to another and apply to the governments for each of them according to their respective capacitys, to furnish their quota of proper transports with 6 months provisions in each for as many men as they severally carry; and that each province, according to the number of transports they severally furnish, shall raise a sufficient number of men to fill them, completely armed with ammunition, &c. That the number of men thus raised and armed, shall consist of 10,000; and at the same time if such persons are commissioned and sent away, it will be necessary to send instructions of the same import to the several governors in America to issue orders and give their best assistance to fitt out with all expedition such transports, &c., and men so equipped.

That when each province has so furnished their quota of transports and men, according to their abilitys, these shall immediately repair to one place appointed, which may be at South Carolina, and from thence proceed, under the command and direction of the person to be commissioned from hence,

They may, (if it shall appear advisable,) on their passage, make a feint to take St. Augustine, and having managed that stratagem properly, they are to proceed to the

tanza, that being a good harbor and not guarded, yet lying the nearest of any other proper one to yo Havana. Here they shall land 7 or 8000 men, more or less, as necessity shall require, and with that force, to march down and pich at a proper distance to surround the Havana and cutt off all manner of provisions going thereto by land; at the same time that some ships shall lye before the town to prevent any provisions or relief coming to it by sea, in which situation that important place must surrender in a very short time. In order to render this conquest both sure and expeditious, it will be necessary to send 6 or 8 sixty gun ships and two bomb keches, with about 2000 troops on board them, which if necessary, may be joined by some of yo station ships now in America.

These ships of war are intended, some to lye before the Havana to play against ye town and cutt off all relief and provisions by sea, while the American forces besiege it by land: and the rest of the ships are to take

care of the Gard da Costas.

These 10,000 men being furnished and maintained by y's several colonys in America, will render y'' conq' of this important place not only secretly secure, but very cheap to England; for that number of forces being raised there, will with greater certainty conquer that place than 400,000 men would, to be sent from Britain, because they are inur'd to the American climate and will live soberer than Britains can be prevailed to do.

By these forces and by these only, every man of judgment who knows y* situation of that place and will speake with truth and candor, will lay it down as a fact, that it is to be gained with great certainty in y* way proposed; and if it be thus gained upon such easy terms to England, it would be offering an affront to y* understanding of every man of sense, to pretend to recount the unlimited advantages which must accrue to Great Britain from its being possessed of the island of Cuba alone.

If the conquest of Cuba is effected, a small part of the force which does that, may with very little trouble take Porto Rico and St. Augustine, if it shall appear advisable so to do. The British colonies in America lying so near ye object in view, before ye knowledge of the proposed attack can reach to Europe, ye whole designe will be executed.

It may be asked how it is possible to go upon ye proposed expedition without its be-

ing known by inquisitive, diligent foreign spies, since ships of war are to be sent from

England?

In answer to that, 'tis to be hoped England can be as politic as her neighbors: look one way and steer y' contrary. It may, for this purpose, be given out by some that England is going to re-enforce some of its colonys; by others that she is going to resume the settlement of Darien, &c. In short, there's no human appearance of this attempts miscarrying, if the knowledge of it is confined to a cabinet council, and a fitt person appointed for y' chief command.

The proposer is so well assured his own knowledge, that the American people can be brought, by proper management, to fitt y* transports and raise the men proposed, that he will undertake to accomplish it by his own personal application, without either view or inclination of cuting out or accepting of any place or command of profit

in y whole transaction.

If there be an inclination to attempt this greatest of acquisitions, it is presumed no material objection can be made to the nature of the proposall. It may be urg'd indeed, y' it will be dishonourable to make such an attempt while there's a treaty on foot with Spain; but such an objection must stand or fall by the wisdom and at yo discretion of his Majesty's ministers. Though it is humbly presumed if the word politick be not an empty sound, [neither] that objection nor none like it can hold.

It is to be observed that if ye preparation of ye transports, and men proposed, is not to be set on foot till it is seen that nothing can be done with ye court of Spain, by treaty, for ye advantage of ye British nation, it will then be too late to begin to prepare and collect them. It is presumed they should be prepared as soon as possible, in order to be collected and ready to go upon the attack when necessity may make it proper: and if it shall appear that there will be no occasion to make such an attack, after they are got in readiness the design may be laid aside, without inconveniency to England in either case.

It may be asked, were Cuba taken, how it would be garrisoned without forces from England?—for 'tis to be understood that y' American people who are proposed to be raised, must not be compelled to stay in y' garrison against their own inclination.

In answer to yt, 'tis sufficient now to say

that ye proposer has also conceived a pretty | jects remain without any satisfaction or recertain method to garrison not only that, but all yo places mentioned, if they are taken without much expense to England, but weh he begs leave to reserve to himself, it being too long to incert here, till he sees how this proposall will be approved of. J. H.

Instructions to our trusty and well-beloved Charles Brown, Esq., Commander-in-Chief of our ships at Jamaica, given at our Court at Kensington, the 15th day of June, 1739, in the thirteenth of our Reign.

Whereas, several unjust seizures have been made, and depredations carried on in the West Indies by Spanish Guarda Costas, and ships acting under the commission of the King of Spain or his Governors, contrary to the treaties subsisting between us and the crown of Spain and to the Law of Nations, to the great prejudice of the lawfull trade and Commerce of our subjects: and many cruelties and barbarities have been exercised on the persons of such of our subjects whose vessels have been so seized by the said Spanish Guarda Costas: And whereas frequent complaint has been made to the Court of Spain, of these unjust practices, and no satisfaction or redress been procured: and whereas a convention for making reparation to our subjects, for the losses sustained by them, on account of the unjust seizures and captures above mentioned was concluded, and signed at the Pardo by our Minister Plenipotentiary, and the Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Spain, on the 14th day of January last, N. S., by which convention it was stipulated that the sum of £95,000 should be paid at London within the term of four months, to be reckoned from the day of the exchange of the Ratifications of the said convention, as a balance due on the part of Spain to the crown and subjects of Great Britain: And whereas the said term of four months from the exchange of the Ratifications of the said convention did expire on the 25th day of the month of May last, and the payment of the said sum of £95,000 agreed by the said convention, has not been made according to the stipulation for that purpose, by which means the convention above mentioned has been manifestly violated and broken by the King of Spain, and our sub- be in, and of the several dispositions you

paration for the many great and grievous losses sustained by them, We have therefore seen fit for the vindicating the honour of Our Crown, and for procuring Reparation and satisfaction for our injured subjects, to give you the following orders and instructions.

You are, with the squadron of Our Ships under your command, either together or separate, to commit all sorts of hostilities against the Spaniards, and to annoy them in every place, and in the best manner that you shall be able, and to endeavour to seize and take, by all forcible means possible, all Spanish ships and vessels, as well ships of war as merchant ships, or other vessels that you may meet with, or be able to come up with: And you are to give orders to all the Captains of our several ships under your command accordingly.

You shall procure the best intelligence you can, what Spanish ships, especially of Force, there may be at any time in the Spanish Ports of the Continent, or Islands, or cruizing on their coasts: and particularly concerning the Galleons which are now at Carthagena or Porto Bello: and what strength they have for a convoy. And if you find yourself strong enough, after having left two or three small Frigates for the protection of our Island of Jamaica and the trade of our subjects in those parts, you are with the remainder of your squadron, to proceed and lye of the Cumanos, or on the coast of Cuba, or at whatever station you may judge to be most likely to intercept the said Galleons: and if you shall be able to take them or any of them, you are to bring them together with their effects, to Jamaica, to be there kept without plunder or embezzlement, till our pleasure shall be known concerning them: And you shall do the same with regard to any other Spanish ships or vessels, and their effects, that you or any of your cruizers shall happen to meet with and take. But in ease of perishable goods, you may sell them, and reserve the money arising therefrom for our future disposition.

Whereas, it is our intention forthwith to reinforce the squadron under your command, with a sufficient number of ships to make the same superior to any force which the Spaniards can have in those seas, you are to leave, sealed up, with the Governor of Jamaica, an account of the station you shall

shall make of the ships under your command, with a state of the provisions, to be delivered to the commanding officer of such men of war as we shall think proper to send to

those parts.

You are to transmit constant and particular accounts of your proceedings, and of what intelligence you shall be able to procure of the motions and designs of the Spaniards, to one of our principal Secretaries of State, and to our Commissioners for executing the office of our High Admiral of Great Britain; and you shall observe and follow such orders and instructions as you shall receive from us under our sign manual, or from one of our principal Secretaries of State, or from our Commissioners for executing the office of our High Admiral of Great Britain for the time being.

To Lord Harrington.

JUNE 18th, 1739.

My Lord :- The situation of the Isthmus of Darien and the consequence of making a lodgement there, I think, have been sufficiently shown by my letters to your Lordship of the 12th inst. What now remains is, that in obedience to your commands, I should offer my humble opinion, in what manner and with what force such a lodge-

ment should be attempted.

I should go out of my province if I should take upon me to name the particular number of men of war, transports, victuallers or store ships necessary upon this occasion, or assign the proper places for their rendezvous in case of separatian at sea, and therefore shall content myself with drawing some general outlines only of that designe, leaving the detail to the wisdom and care of those to whom the execution will more properly belong. I apprehend, however, it will not be advisable to attempt the settlement without a naval power equal to that the Spaniards have in those seas, nor with less than two thousand land forces. For great allowances must be made in expeditions to these countries for losses by change of diet and climate; and the success of this affair will entirely depend on the first attempt.

I presume the last rendevous appointed for the fleet in this expedition will be at the Island of Jamaica, where wood, water, refreshments of all kinds, pilots and even a

independent companies if necessary, and where the ships of war from Great Britain may be joined by those on the station of that Island. By this means allso, the enemy may be kept in suspense; for Jamaica is as proper a rendevous for any other [such] attempt as that now intended. And the commanding officer of the fleets may have orders not to open his instructions till he shall have left Jamaica, and shall find himself in a particular latitude prescribed for that purpose. But a proper regard should be had to the hurricane months, and I presume it will not be thought advisable to fall in upon the coast till the rains shall be over, which are common to that part of the continent between the tropics, and continue till towards the end of November. There is no reason to apprehend that the King's troops can meet with any considerable oposition upon their first landing at a place so far distant from any Spanish settlement, inhabited only by Indians who do not acknowledge themselves subjects to that nation. But, however, it will be highly necessary for the forces to secure themselves as soon as they can, after their landing, which for the first essay may best be done by a stockaded fort, materials for that purpose being allways at hand in these countries, wherein the fleet also may be exceedingly assisting to the land forces; and indeed, all the conquests we made the last war upon the coasts of Spain were in great measure if not entirely owing to the conduct of the fleet.

And therefore it will be absolutely necessary that a good correspondence should be maintained between the land and sea officers, but more particularly that the commanders in chief should live in perfect harmony. For which reason men of temper and prudence as well as of valor and experience should be chosen for the expedition. Many great designs have miscarried for the want of this

precaution.

The choice of the ground to build a fort upon must be left to the officers who shall command upon this descent. Wherein, however, particular regard shall be had in the first place to the receiving relief from sea, and in y second, to the health of those that shall remain in the country, both which points may be obtained by making two different lodgements, one near the sea, and the other on the higher grounds; for the hills on recruit of fresh men may be had from the the north side of the isthmus are not so far distant from the shore but that a communication may easily be preserved with them. The Scots had a look-out upon a height about a mile above their settlement, from whence they could discover near twenty or thirty miles round any point of the compass. The upper lodgement may answer that end, and the garrisons may relieve each other for change of air, which will be exceedingly different in the two lodgements, tho' the distance be so small.

It will be necessary upon this occasion that some engineers and a large supply of ordnance stores of all kinds should be embarked, that nothing may be wanting for the establishment or defence of the settlement.

Though the Indian inhabitants of these parts are certainly the proprietors of the soyle, and it will be infinitely for our interest and security to keep well with 'em, yet to avoid loss of time it will be advisable to build our forts in the first place and purchase the soyle of them afterwards, which may certainly be had at a very moderate rate in exchange for beads, brass rings, knives, hatchets, guns, gunpowder, printed linen, and such other trifles as an Indian cargo generally consists of. This will be the more necessary, because if there are any gold mines in the country, as the Scots were informed, and these were even within two miles of their settlement, the natives only can discover them.

And therefore, though a military force is absolutely necessary, not only for acquiring but also for maintaining of this settlement, yet there should be some mixture of civil magistracy in it, even from its first infancy. Otherways it will never answer the present ends proposed by it, which are the benefits resulting from trade with the Spaniards as well as yo natives, notwithstanding we are in a state of war with the former.

For this purpose some person perfectly versed in the Spanish trade and language should be employed in the nature of an Intendant or Inspector, who may be a proper check upon the licentiousness of the soldiers; may inspect their musters, and be enabled to give protection as well to the natives as to such civil inhabitants as shall be disposed to settle in the country, either for trade or planting. The want of such a provision in Nova Scotia has been one principal cause why we have no civil inhabitants in that province, (besides the French,) though we have been

in possession of it ever since the treaty of Utrecht, and have constantly been at the expense of maintaining a regiment there.

This intendant may also be charged with the inspection of all stores of war and provisions, and with the distribution of the Indian cargo, which at the first outset should be a large one, to engage the natives in our interest; and [he] should likewise have a place and vote in all councils held either for civil or military purposes. The two garrisons left in the country should each of them consist of five hundred men. They should be well supplied with military stores, and always have three months' provision in their maga-At first, it might not be amiss to leave them sufficient subsistence for twice that time, and constant care should be taken to victual and recruit 'em.

The soldiers should be allowed to carry their wives with 'em, and those that have none should be encouraged to marry with the natives, or else this colony, like that of the first Romans, (till they got wives from the Sabines,) Populus utrius generationis.

The policy of intermarrying with the natives has been of great advantage to the French in their settlements on the North Continent of America; and we owe our title to some of the islands to the amours of one of our Governors with an Indian woman; particularly that of Santa Lucia, to a bastard of S^r Thomas Warner.

According to the description the Scots have given of the harbor where they settled, it is one of the best, the largest, and most capable of being fortified of any yet discovered in those parts. This is a likely circumstance; for it will be necessary [that] the fleet should remain there till the troops are safely lodged and fortified, and [that] a competent number of ships should attend this station during the course of the war.

If it should be our fortune to succeed in the settlement, it is not to be doubted but great numbers of people would soon flock to it from all parts of his Majesty's dominions, and then further regulations will be necessary for the cultivating, enlarging and improving this new acquisition.

But at this time I shall offer your Lordship no considerations of that sort, having for the present determined to confine myself to such particulars only as relate more immediately to the acquiring and defending of a settlement upon the Isthmus of Darien: and

therefore shall conclude this letter with assuring your Lordship that, &c.

Backed, "Letter to Lord Harrington, 18th June, 1739, about the settlement at

"For the Right Honorable Sir Charles Wager."

Extract from a paper endorsed on the back, " Sir Charles Wager's paper."

It is also proposed to send the same number of ships to the South See to distress the Spaniards in that part of the world, by taking their ships and all their * * * [word illegible] many of which are very rich, especially those which carry the treasure from Lima to Panama. Many places on that coast are weak and defenceless, not having known war except by a few privateers or pyrates, who have formerly done them great damage.

There is also a probability of persuading the Vice Roy and people of Peru to revolt from the Spanish government and make themselves independent of it, especially if a number of troops can be conveyed thither by way of Panama. 1,000 is thought to be sufficient; and 1,000 or more to be left at Panama, to which place they may march over land from Portobel on the river Chagre, from whence it is not above two days' march to Panama, which [can] be easily taken, as it is believed, with 2,000 men.

An expedition against Cartagen will require about six ships of the line of battle to be joined to those with Vernon. It will require 4,000 soldiers properly commanded, which number must have at least 6,000 tons of transportation with a sufficient quantity of all sorts of ordnance stores proper for a siege, and such an enterprise.

The strength of Cartagen shall be particularly shown in a day or two.

If the expedition against Cartagen should by any accident miscarry, or that the place should be taken and kept, two thousand men will probably be thought sufficient for a garrison there; and the rest may be sent to Portobel and Panama as above mentioned.

If the Spaniards should send a strong squadron to Cartagen, to join those of Spain for the protection and security of the galleon; in their passage home, so that it may not be thought advisable to make an at-

to attack the French, though the treasure may be on board them, (for which they must go to Portobel and return to Cartagen.) Cartagen may be attempted the more easily when they are gone, or the expedition to Panama may be pursued: or if the Flota now at Cadiz should get away, they may be destroyed at Vera Cruz.

[Bears date on the back, Nov. 6, 1739.]

VIII.

BURFORD, in Port Royall harbor, Jamaica, 1740.

Sir :- I am favored with your excellency's letter of the 22d Oct., with the enclosed informations taken before you in council the same day, of the large French squadron arrived at Martinique, and the great armament they were preparing for some secret expedi-

The arrivall of the squadron I had received advice of, and concluded they were designed as auxiliaries to the Spaniards, for to secure the safe carrying home of the Golden Fleece.

But your obliging intelligence of their drawing every fifth man for a secret expedition, I cannot tell what to judge of; but from our weakness in our Leeward Islands, I cannot but be in pain for them, and do not imagine they will think of attacking you that lie so far to windward of them, and besides difficulty of access have so numerous a militia.

Were Spaniards and French to join in any favorite expedition, I doubt not but this Island would be first in their view. think we have here force enough for the defensive; tho' I cannot but be greatly surprised in this criticall juncture not to have heard from England since the 4th July. But I have been prepared for such disappointment, having been before without hearing from them from September was twelve month, to May last.

Collo Gooch with the forces raised in Virginia and Philadelphia is arrived here, and we may reasonably expect every day those coming from New York, with Collo Blaheney; and if Lord Cathcart be coming, you must soonest hear of him to windward.

I lament their not letting his lordship sail in the spring of the year, when alone easterly winds were to be depended on for getting out of our channell. Had they come then tempt on Cartagen while they are there, nor | we might have been masters of Carthegena

and the Galleons. But that fatall commission | has occasioned a meloncholly change of the scene, and we must rely on God's good providence for a happy issue. With many thanks to you, sir, and the gentlemen of the Councill for the seasonable intelligence, I am

Your Excellencies' most

Obt humble servant, E. VERNON.

P. S.—Our advices here [say] that the Spanish squadron is gone for Porto Bello, and one of the French squadrons for Carthegena; so I hope you are in no danger from them.

On his Majesty's service.

To his Excellency JAMES DOTTIN, Esq., at Barbadoes.

Endorsed on the back, "28th Jan., 1740. Relation of an encounter with four French ships off of Hispaniola."

My Lord Duke: - I took the liberty to write to you from Barbadoes, which I hope your Grace has received; nothing of moment has happened since, excepting a conflict between six of our men of war and four French. Jan. the 7th, the Admiral made a signal for the Prince Frederick, Lord Auberry; the Oxford, Lord Augustus Fitzroy; two 70 gun ships; the York, Capt. Coates; the Rippon, Capt. Tolly; the Dunkirk, Capt. Cooper, and the Weymouth, Capt. Knowles, to chase; the four last ships are of sixty guns, and the French ships were two of sixty guns and two of fifty.

We were about six leagues south of Hispaniola when we began to chase. About one the Weymouth fired a gun for them to bring too, but they kept on their course; about three we fired another gun for the same purpose, but they did not mind us, but seeing we were determined to speak with them they hoisted their colours. We came up with them between ten and eleven at night. Lord Aubery being commanding officer, Mr. Knowles asked if his Lordship had any particular commands for him. He bid him speak with the first ship he could, and himself would speak with the headmost, he told him. When we came within half pistol shot, we hailed one of the French ships, and asked what they were. which question they made no answer, but asked who we were. English men on the Frederick and agreed to send a boat

of war, said our Linguist (by whom Mr. Knowles and I stood on the gangway, telling him what to say, Mr. Knowles 1 mean dictating to him.) And we are French men of war, and what would you have? We must speak with you, said we: They then asked if war was declared? No, not when we left Europe, we told them. Then what would you have? You know we are at war with Spain, and it is our duty to know what every ship is we meet, so pry send your boat on board. We have no bost, said they. Then we will send ours, which words were no sooner spoken but two shot came between our mainmast and foremast from one of the French ships that Lord Auberry had come up with, as we were talking to our French ship.

The French ship my Lord haled would give no answer, on which my Lord ordered a shot to be fired ahead of him; that not having the effect that he desired, he fired a shot into him, and then began the battle. We all ran to our quarters and gave three broadsides into the ship we had been talking with. They returned the compliment and then sheer'd off. The Dunkirk likewise gave this same ship a broadside. They were very well manned with small arms which they handled very briskly, and if it had not been dark I believe we should have been very much galled by them, for we were within thirty yards of each other when we began to

After an hour's engagement or thereabouts, Mr. Knowles went on board the Frederick.

and advised my Lord to desist till the morning; for he said that he feared we were in a bad cause. My Lord agreed to it, but Mr. Knowles had no sooner got on board his own ship, and ordered her to be tow'd round, but my Lord was obliged to continue the fight in his own defence, being attacked; and the Oxford coming up, ran between three of the French ships which fell on him. But his Lordship cleared himself very well, and continued firing with the Frederick, till past four in the morning. We never lifted up a port after Mr. Knowles came from Lord Aubery, but received several shot. We had two men killed and five wounded, but not dangerous. In the morning we saw the Erench ships near a mile from us in good order for to renew the fight with their signalout for that purpose. The six Captains met

to know if they were really French or not. 1 The boat was sent with a flag of truce, and the orders that were sent are to this purpose; that we were sorry for the mistake that happened the night before, but that they were the cause of it themselves, their behavior being so very inconsistent with the politeness of the French nation; alluding to their not hoisting their colours when they first saw us chase, and in not laying by for us. The Lieutenant (ours) said he hoped we had not killed them many men; But too many the commodore answered.

The Rippon never fired a gun. The York gave two or three broadsides, and the Dunkirk gave the Oxford a broadside by mistake. The six English ships had about 20 men killed, and most of them on board the Oxford, whose sails are useless by the number of shot going through. About 30 men are wounded and but few of them mortally. Mr. England, a Capt. of Marines, was killed in the Frederick. No other officer was hurt.

I have my Lord given you as faithful an account as my memory and inquiry will admit of, for I am very well acquainted with the six Captains who gave me an account of what had been done on board their ships, and I was a witness of what passed on board the Weymouth.

I shall say no more of the French than what every body must own: which is, that they behaved with great prudence and gal-

Brigadier Guise and Wolf were in the engagement, but not at the council of the Captains.

What is said on the affair here is that we had done too much or too little.

> Signed, &c., SAML. SPEED.

The address of the following paper is wanting. Its tenor however shows that it was an official paper, written to a Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Right Honble Sir: - Some time in the year 1738, I laid before your Honor and Sr Robt. Walpole, an account of the Province of Guatimala in New Spain, its situation, products and trade, together with a draught (corrected from the best observations I could possibly make during four of the gulph of Honduras, which are very

years residence there, as chief factor to the south sea company) of the whole country, with the coasts, harbors and rivers, both on the north and south seas, and a plan of the easiest and most practicable method of reducing the same under the power of Great Britain, in case of a war with Spain. Since my return from Guinea, having reviewed the said papers, and considering the present situation and number of his Majesty's forces in the West Indies, I take the liberty to lay before you the following proposal, viz:

That a number of forces now at Jamaica, not less than two thousand men (for which I apprehend the forces raised in America will be the most proper) to be double officered and stationed under the command of a Governor at Sandy Bay on the Muskuito Shore, which is well known to be the healthiest climate in that part of America, being also excellently well supplied with turtle, manatee, and a great variety of fish, food, &c., for the more convenient undertakings on that coast, which will tend greatly to the advantage of Great Britain, at an easie expence. That the first attempt be made up the Lake of St. Juan which lies a little to the southward of the Muskuito Shore, (where the troops are to be quartered,) at the head of which Lake lies a small island, fortified, which commands the channel of the lake.

That a number of our own troops with a great number of Muskuito Indians be sent up in Piraguas and flat bottomed boats (to be built with deal boards to be sent there, with nails, carpenters, &c., there being great plenty of timber there for building the said boats) to take this fort which (as I have been informed by the people of Leon, &c., with whom I traded whilst at Gautimala) is a place of no great strength, and [which] when reduced will open a communication with the cities of Leon, Granada and several other great towns well inhabited, and [with] the whole province of Costa Rica, to which there is a great trade from Peru—It will therefore be necessary to secure this fortress well, and to keep it, both for a garrison, and [for] a magazine of English goods, which will always be in very great demand there, as well for the supply of Peru, as the said Province.

After well securing this fortress, the next attempt ought to be on the city of Comiagua and other towns which lie inland some distance from the sea coast, on the south side near the gold and silver mines where is produced the greatest part of the plate which is sent to be coined at the mint at Guatimala.

Here it is proposed to take such money as belongs to the King, but not to molest the inhabitants in their possessions; which will be a means to reconcile them to the English government. The River Looe, where I have several times been trading with the people of Comiagua, is navigable very near up to

the city of Comiagua.

The next expedition should be to take the castle of St. Phillip which lies five leagues up the River Dulce, in the bottom of the bay of Honduras, being a castle of about thirty old carriage and Paterero guns, in very bad order, and [having] hardly ever more than thirty or thirty-five mulatto soldiers, with four or five whites and a castellan in it. And as to provisions, they are often so distressed that they have only what they take from the sea to subsist on: their dependence being chiefly on Guatamala. When the roads are bad they are frequently some months without any bread kind at all, as I have several times been an eye witness, when I have been down there at the dispatch of my vessels during my residence at Guatamala. This castle is situated on a point of land that stretches pretty far into the river, and wholly commands the channel, and thereby the trade of the great city of Guatamala. And when this castle is once taken and secured. it will open entirely the trade to the city of Guatamala and all the country back to the south seas, which produces in great abundance, gold, silver, cochineal, the best indigo, cocoa, Balsam of Peru, and great variety of useful drugs, with all sorts of dying woods, all which will be willingly exchanged by the inhabitants for our English woollen manufactures, which will necessarily occasion an immense demand for these goods.

N. B.—Vera Paz, where the Indians, the latter end of the year 1734 revolted to the number of 30,000 or 40,000 fighting men, is at about twenty leagues distance from this castle, higher up the same river, and if a greater force be necessary to reduce the city of Guatamala, [they] will readily join against the Spaniards, upon their being supplied

with arms.

It will likewise be very proper to take the small castle of Barcallao, which lies on the north side of the gulph of Honduras: it being the Barcadero on that side to Merida stinate in their opposition, it would then be

and Yucatan, which may be done with a small force: which would not only open a great trade to the city of Merida and the province of Yucatan, but would remove the only annoyance to the trade of logwood cutting which is of no considerable benefit to the English nation, and that in the year 1724 I was commodore (in a ship of 400 tons and 32 guns) to forty sail of English vessels then lying there and at the river Belise where we all loaded with logwood, and this would entirely put an end to the power of the Spaniards in the gulph or bay of Honduras, and secure the whole trade of logwood from thence to the English.

N. B .- Logwood is now so scarce in the river Belise that they are obliged to go above a hundred miles up the river to cut it, and then to take what they can get, whereas, at Baccallao it grows quite down to the river's mouth, and is much better in its kind.

As his majesty has now so considerable a naval force at Jamaica, it might be no difficult matter to take the town of Campeachy, which lies on the western side of the Yucatan. It is a wall'd town, and the walls [are] of a good thickness, (and in the years 1725 and 1726 when I opened a trade there by virtue of powers from the south sea company) it had about two hundred men in garrison. And next to take the fort on the island of Trise in the bay of Campeachy, which would secure to us the valuable trade of Logwood from thence, which we enjoyed for so long a time, and which was so large in 1711 that I was one of a hundred sail which loaded there at one time. I am persuaded that more than double that number were loaded there within that year-and to this bay of Campeachy [England] has a very good claim, as appears from a report from the board of trade, dated in the year 1717, which I well remember to have seen.

To encourage the Spaniards to come in willingly it may be advisable to publish a proclamation in the name of his Majesty, promising them security in their religion and property, and that as to trade they shall be put on the same footing as the English colonies in America. And to the Indians, that they shall be exempt from tribute or any other service than what is voluntary, and shall remain secure in their possessions and free in their persons and property for ever.

But in case the Spaniards should be ob-

supplied with a sufficient quantity of small bly submitted by arms, ammunition, &c., such numbers would gladly join the English, particularly those Indians about Vera Paz who are probably still in actual revolt, (for that in the year 1735, when I passed through their country, they declared publicly that they were resolutely determined never more to submit to the Spanish yoke, hoping that the English of whom only subdue the province of Guatamala, but now published. likewise the whole kingdom of Mexico, and nation for the depredations they have suf- those now given.

advisable to encourage the Indians in their fered, as well for the expence of the war, &c., aversion to the Spanish Government, and to the present conjuncture seems the most make fall possible use of their assistance; favorable that was ever offered, or can be and it is not doubted but that if they were wished, or desired. All which is most hum-

Rt. Hon'ble Sir,

Your Honour's most obedient and most humble servant.

WM. LEA.

London, March 3d, 1740.

In the August number of the Review we they had often heard so much and for whom will complete this most curious series of they had so high a value and esteem, would papers. The remaining documents will be at length come to their relief:) as might not found to be still more interesting than those

We know not what other treasures we enlarge the British Empire in America quite may be able to bring to light from the rich round the bay of Mexico till it joined with historical "placer" we have discovered, but Carolina. And as success in such an attempt hope we may hereafter be able to present to would be the best method to indemnify the our readers others of no less interest than

SIR AMELOT DE VERE:

A FRAGMENT.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, UTHOR OF "THE PROMETHEUS AND AGAMEMNON," &5., &c., &c.

"Ir thou wouldst win her-mark me well-Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel, For the slightest glance of her azurn eye, Thou must be willing to live or die; For the lightest smile of her radiant lip, Or a kiss of her finger's rosy tip, Thou must be willing to cast away All that thou holdest dear to-day, Kindred, and country, and friendship true, All that is old, for one that is new. Thou must make her famous o'er land and sea, By dint of thy dauntless chivalry. Thou must make her adored by one and all, Whom thy sword shall save from Paynim thrall. Thou must make her name a sovereign spell For all who own Amelot's Isabel, That they who ne'er saw her shall strike for her fame, And then render mercy in Isabel's name.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
Thou must be first in the battle's brunt,
When the bravest shrink from its iron front;
The foremost to conquer and first to spare,
Where fame is to win, thou must still be there.
Thou must be first in the courtly hall,
The star of the peaceful festival,
The foremost ever in ladies' grace,
Yet cold as snow to the fairest face.
Men must fear thee, and women love,
But thou must be true as the widowed dove.

"If thou wouldst win her-mark me wellted the female of head a-Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel, Thou must be hers and hers alone, In every thought thy soul doth own: Not an eye for the brightest, an ear for the sweetest. Courteous but cold unto all thou meetest; Not a hope in thy heart but still to be near her, All to worship, yet something to fear her. And then, when thy fame is on every tongue, Broad as thy banner in battle flung; Then, when thy lance shall have given her glory, And made her the theme of each minstrel's story; When Europe, and Afric, and Araby Shall own her the brightest and best to be; Then, when thy trust is in her alone, Then, when thy life, thy soul is her own, Then must thou hold thee guerdoned well By one cold smile from Isabel. Like sunbeams on flowers her smiles shall fall. Lovely and loving on one and all; And thou shalt win no higher prize Than leave to look in her lustrous eyes: Or if she shall give thee her love to-day, To-morrow's frost shall freeze it away. And if thou lay thee down to-night, Blessed with her promise of near delight, To-morrow shalt find her as cold and as far As the wintry sheen of the farthest star.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
If thou wilt do all this I have spoken,
Thus, as I rede thee, thy fate shall be wroken.
Thou shalt make her proud herself to see
In the mirror of thy chivalry;
Thou shalt make her to love thy fame as her own;
To live in the light of thy great renown;
In thine absence to blush when thou art but named
To be eloquent, if she hear thee blamed.
Yet then she shall love thy deeds, not thee;
For false is her bosom, and false shall be.
She shall wear thy brain and wring thy hear
Yet from her thrall thou shalt not depart.

She shall work thee woe, she shall work thee shame, Yet shalt thou worship her still the same. Thy friends she shall sever, thy peace undo, Yet still shall thy love be loyal and true; All but thine honor shalt lose for her sake. Pause, then, nor rashly the strife undertake.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
Grant her the sweetest child of earth,
The loveliest creature of mortal birth;
Grant, if thou wilt, that she may be won,
As all things may beneath the sun,
By talent and toil, by sorrow and sinning—Mark me well—Is she worth the winning?"

He started from his magic sleep,
Beneath a cedarn thicket deep,
In a glade of Lebanon.
And was it fancy, was it sooth,
A form of air, or a thing of truth?
Athwart the setting sun,
Clad in a robe of hazy light,
There seemed to float a vision bright
Between him and the hoary height
Of the old sacred hill.

He gazed—it faded from his eyn,
Till he could see the sunbeams shine
Beyond, in many a misty line,
And tip the green with golden hue,
And stream that waning vision through;

And yet could see it still.

He bounded forward—it was gone;
And in that haunted glade alone,
With bristling hair, but dauntless breast,
The chosen champion of the West

Stood, like a carvéd stone.

Still in his ears those tones were ringing,
Softer than sweetest human singing;
Still he could hear the burthen float,
Clear as a seraph's liquid note:

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel."

"And I will win her, by the grave
We fight from Infidels to save!
Nor might of man nor demon's power
Shall turn me! Is she not the flower,
The pride, the gem of English earth,
Where more of sweetness hath its birth

Than in the world beside?

And whoso saith she hath a peer
Beneath bright heaven, I tell him here,
I tell him, Amelot de Vere—
Let him be man of human mould,
Or fiendish knight, such as of old
With mortal champions yied,

Let him do on his arms of proof, Or hold his coward head aloof— I tell him, he hath lied!"

He paused, as though he thought to see The gleam of fiendish panoply With blazoned shield and waving plume Emerging from the cedarn gloom; But all was silence deep and still On Solomon's immortal hill.

The sunshine slept upon the sod,
The very cedars ceased to nod,
So tranquil was the glen.
He turned—he started, and his hand
Fell to the guard of his good brand:

Was it a trumpet's tone, That startled all the forest round, And wakened, with defying sound,

The mountain echoes lone?
'Twas silence all; or if that peal
Was sooth, which made his senses reel,

So soon it passed away,
That Amelot uncertain stood,
Whether the demons of the wood
Or the mere coursings of his blood
Distempered, and his dreaming brain,
Had mocked him once and yet again,
With cheats most like reality;

And to his dying day
He knew not: for such things fell out,
In after time, as made him doubt

Almost his own identity.
But now he turned him to the host
Encamped on Syria's sultry coast,
And as he passed the mountain down
Amid the shadows falling brown,
And heavy dews, he only said,
With resolute gesture of his head,
And hand upon his war-sword's hilt,
The cross: "By all the blood we've spilt!
Let them bring all the powers of hell
To aid—I will win Isabel!"

THE RIVAL PAINTERS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

III.

WHEN, by the increasing light, the tailor cast a sad glance around him, and beheld the disorder which prevailed in the little chamber, he was unable to repress a heavy sigh, which, as a truthful chronicler, we must confess, was rather an expression of vexation than of grief. To understand and excuse the worthy burgher, however, the reader should have lived for a while in the Netherlands, and have witnessed the love of order which prevails there in all domestic matters; where even the least careful housewife rises at four in the morning, and often passes two hours in washing, brushing and polishing, in order, perhaps, to efface a spot from the bricks with which the floor of her house is laid. Turning his eyes from the confusion, Master Barruello glanced at Netcelli.

The latter was still seated close to the fire, gazing steadfastly before him; neither joy nor sorrow was depicted in his rigid face; he seemed indifferent to every thing that was passing around him. Antonio lay buried in a deep and tranquil slumber. Master Barruello hesitated for some moments to wake him; but it was now broad day; the clock of the neighboring church struck eight, and it was time to think of repairing the disorder occasioned by the sad events of the past night. The tailor therefore passed his hand gently over the boy's face.

"You must get up and go with me, mio caro," said Master Nicholas to Antonio, who gezed at him with sleepy eyes; "here is your little hat; come, give me your hand and let us go."

"And father, and mother?" said the boy.
"They are asleep—come, only come."

"But I won't go before I have kissed them."

"Will you be disobedient? Your mother told me to take you with me before she woke," replied Master Barruello; and he had drew the unwilling child from the house, ing.

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and led him towards the Jews' quarter. When he reached the gate, which last evening had remained closed, notwithstanding Netcelli's repeated demands for admission, Barruello pulled the bell with violence. An old woman soon appeared. Although her apparel was that of the wife of an ordinary artisan, yet Barruello knew by her tone and bearing that he stood before the mistress of the house, and he removed his cap respectfully.

"What is your wish?"

"To speak with Master Rembrandt."

"You? and for what? He cannot be seen so early," replied the dame in a harsh tone; "my husband is busy; come again at noon."

"I cannot well wait until noon, and perhaps Master Rembrandt will not be sorry to see me. I bring him—I wish to give him something—something that belongs to him."

"Money?" asked the old woman, as she cast a searching glance upon the tailor.

"It is a treasure!" replied Master Nicholas, enduring her gaze with heroic indiffer-

She still delayed for a few seconds.

"Enter," she said at last. "But I can tell you your interview will not continue long if you have deceived me, and you will not have disturbed Master Rembrandt at his work for nothing."

The old woman now slowly opened the gate, which she had thus far held half closed, and gave Barruello admittance; she then locked it carefully again, and crossed the court, directing the tailor by a sign to follow her. As he walked onward he cast a glance at the four large dogs which leaped barking from the kennels to which they were chained, and he could not repress a slight shudder as he remarked their strength and size, and thought of the danger to which ne had been exposed on the preceding evening.

After Barruello had ascended a lofty staircase, and had then crossed two large, vacants unfurnished chambers, he entered an apart ment which was lighted by a single window constructed in the ceiling. So deep was the gloom that here reigned, that for several minutes the tailor could scarcely distinguish surrounding objects. At last he observed in a corner a man in the decline of life; his head was wrapped in a white cloth, his beard was long, his face deeply furrowed, and his eye shone with that greenish light which reminds the spectator of certain animals, to whose organs of vision it is peculiar. He was painting before an easel. Opposite to him, in the portion of the chamber upon which the light from the window principally fell, sat a man, enveloped in a linen cloth, in the posture of one who had just risen from the grave.

The old man continued to paint for a long while, without appearing to remark the presence of the new comers. The woman, however, who had introduced Barruello, at once took a seat near the lofty chimney, in which a sooty iron pot hung by a hook and chain. Upon a stool near by lay vegetables, which the worthy housewife immediately took in her apron and began to peel.

In the meanwhile the tailor, still waiting for the master of the house to address him, had approached the easel, and, with all his anxiety and embarrassment, he could not refrain from gazing with admiration at the picture which Rembrandt was completing. It was the Resurrection of Lazarus. In the foreground stood the Saviour, his eyes moist with tears, saying to the dead man, "Lazarus, come forth!" and Lazarus came forth. A halo enveloped the Saviour's form; the remaining figures stood in that effective half gloom, that dusky light, the secret of which was known to Rembrandt alone.

"Ah! how beautiful that is," cried little Antonio.

At the clear tones of his voice, Rembrandt turned towards the boy.

"Why do you speak of things that you do not understand?" he cried.

"My father is a painter, and then I have an uncle too who paints beautiful pictures! My father has often told me that my uncle was the greatest painter in all Flanders."

"So! you are a nephew of Rubens, then? for, after myself, I know no one who could deserve this name. Tell your father that

Rubens is a great painter, but not the great est in Flanders."

"My uncle is greater than you and Rubens put together."

"And who is he, then?" asked the old man angrily.

"Rembra ndt."

"And are you a nephew of Rembrandt? You are a son then of that Netcelli, who married my niece against my will. Begone! I will have nothing to do with you nor your father."

The boy began to cry.

"Must the poor child perish, then, with cold and hunger, like his mother and his little sister, who both died last night?"

"He has his father left."

"His father? Merciful Heaven! sorrow and suffering have turned his brain."

"Ah, my father, my mother, my little sister!" cried Antonio, with loud sobs.

A tear rolled down Rembrandt's wrinkled cheeks.

"Is what you tell me true? How! my sister's daughter!"

"She has received what she deserved," interrupted the shrill voice of Dame Rembrandt, who stepped towards them with her arms akimbo. "If the silly creature had not been disobedient, and acted contrary to your wishes, she would not have died in poverty."

. "Master Rembrandt," said Barruello, "your nephew is a maniac, your niece and her daughter are dead! A coffin for these, bread for the father and the son!"

Rembrandt cast a hesitating glance towards his wife. The latter, however, grasped the sobbing Antonio violently by the arm, planted herself before the startled tailor, and cried:

"That would be very fine, indeed! And so my husband must burden himself with an idiot and an ill-bred child, must work day and night, and all to assist wretches who do not merit the least compassion! No, that shall never be while I live! Begone! out with you!"

"Is that your determination also, Master Rembrandt?" asked the indignant tailor, with a firm voice.

Without replying, Rembrandt turned to his painting again. Barruello tore the child from the hands of the rude woman, and exclaimed:

"Come, Antonio! come! If your uncle

deserts you, a stranger will not forsake you. God has sent you to me, and I will not cast you forth. Come with me from this house of wealth, where they refuse your mother a coffin. Shame upon this heartless pair, who have no feelings of compassion!"

When the tailor had uttered these words, that were forced from him by his anger, he retired leading Antonio by the hand, and with a heavy heart retraced his steps to-

wards his dwelling.

While walking onward, Barruello's anger gradually subsided, and he mused seriously upon his situation; but let him ponder as he would, he could find no means which seemed likely to aid him in his embarrassment. Suddenly a band of horsemen came spurring towards them with such speed that Barruello was scarcely able to reach the side of the street, while Antonio, whom he dragged onward violently, fell to the ground, uttering a loud cry. The leader of the train at once checked his horse, dismounted, and asked in a compassionate tone whether the child were hurt.

When he had convinced himself that his fears were groundless, he slipped a piece of money into the boy's hand, mounted his horse again, and asked the tailor to direct him to the dwelling of the painter Rem-

brandt.

"His house stands at the end of the second street to the right, in the Jews' quarter, near the churchyard. You are wealthy, Sir Knight, and you will meet with a good reception."

"Do the poor find no compassion from

him?" asked the stranger.

"Compassion! Merciful Heaven! In yonder accursed house they have no compassion for the grandson of its master's sister."

Nicholas now related to the stranger all that had passed, and the latter listened with the liveliest attention. When he had ended his narrative, the unknown drew out a purse full of gold, took four pieces from it, and

gave them to the tailor.

"Here," he said, "is enough to bury the dead, and to procure the necessaries of life for the maniac and his child. Write down your name and the place of your dwelling upon this tablet. I will pay you a visit this evening, and consult with you as to what is to be done. You seem a worthy man, and your conduct pleases me. God be with you! This evening!"

The stranger struck his spurs into his horse's flanks and soon joined his companions, leaving Master Nicholas Barruello overwhelmed with joy and astonishment.

IV.

AFTER Dame Rembrandt had succeeded in getting rid of our friend Barruello, and in removing the impression which his reproaches had left upon her husband's mind, the old man approached his easel again, and took up his palette and brush. But it was in vain that he endeavored to proceed with his work; his trembling hand refused its office. and, busied with reflections of a different nature, he was unable to devote his attention to the unfinished painting. Twice or thrice he endeavored to complete the head of the Saviour, but as often he drew back in dissatisfaction. At last, angry with himself, he cast his brush aside, and folding his arms. gazed steadfastly at the canvas, and by degrees sank into deep thought. Soon his fancy brought before him the days of his childhood. A forsaken orphan, what would have been his fate without the maternal care of his sister Louise? Had she not been a second mother to him; had she not watched over him like the angel who guided the young Tobias through the dangers of a long journey? And now, closing his ears to the voice of duty and compassion, he had turned from his door the grandson of a sister! It is true, Margaret had done wrong in having married an Italian painter, a man without money and without talent, but was it not too cruel to punish her children for "True," he thought, her disobedience? "the misery of this family is but the consequence of their own fault, but still it is inhuman to refuse them assistance."

He rose quickly, thrust his hand into the wide pocket of his doublet, and drew out a large leathern purse. He counted out five or six florins, examining each piece accurately, and then called to his wife. The latter, not without murmuring, left the chimney corner, where she was attending to her culinary duties; but when she saw the money in the painter's hand, she could no longer control her anger, for from Rembrandt's embarrassment, she at once divined the use to which he intended to apply it.

"Ah, ha! you mean to pay insults and injuries with hard money! Very fine, indeed!

you will not want customers when it is once known. If you are at a loss to know what to do with the money, instead of giving it to wicked and ungrateful creatures, buy your own son a doublet with it, for he is running around with holes in his elbows."

Rembrandt contracted his brows gloomily, and his glance quickly silenced his wife.

"When I took a peasant girl, a maid servant for my wife," he replied, "I did so that my commands might always be obeyed. You will, therefore, without delay, carry this money to Master Barruello. Quick! I wish that my niece should be decently interred, and that her son and her husband should not suffer want."

Dame Rembrandt saw that it was necessary for her to obey without replying. Muttering angrily, she put on her cap, and changed her shoes, in order to go out. Rembrandt took up his palette once more, and gathered his brushes together, with which a large ape had been playing. a heart somewhat relieved of its burden. and with an easier conscience, he sat down to his work again. At this momentt he house bell was pulled with a violence that threatened to break the cord. Rembrandt was so startled at this unusual noise, that his trembling hand involuntarily drew a large streak across the head of the principal figure in his picture. The oath with which the painter accompanied this accident was answered by Dame Rembrandt with a cry of indignation.

The bell was pulled anew, and if possible more violently than before.

The old woman, with a bitter invective upon her tongue, darted out to open the gate. But her rage was suddenly changed into astonishment, for he who had pulled the bell with such violence was a young page of pert and presumptuous mien, while before the house a numerous band of horsemen, with a young dame in their midst, were waiting for admission.

The horseman who seemed to be the chief of the train now said:

"Inform your master that a stranger from Antwerp, who wishes to purchase some pictures of him, requests to be admitted to his presence."

Softened by the courteous and dignified manner of the stranger, Dame Rembrandt opened the great gate of the court in order what life in that flesh!

had closed the gate they dismounted, and with the exception of the page, who remained behind to take care of the horses, the train followed Dame Rembrandt through a labyrinth of corridors to the studio of the renowned artist.

When Rembrandt saw the numerous retinue enter his studio, his features assumed an expression of ill-humor, and he replied to the greetings of the noble stranger in a rude and surly tone, directing his glances at times, with evident discontent, at his interrupted task. The latter unceremoniously took a chair and seated himself near the painter, while the rest of the train remained standing respectfully in the background of the chamber, that they might not disturb the conversation of the two men.

It was a most interesting spectacle to watch those two individuals, who differed so singularly from each other. The one, tall, elegantly formed, and of most prepossessing manners, seemed to have lost nothing of the advantages of youth, although he was perhaps fifty years of age. He wore a rich doublet of embroidered velvet, and his lofty brow was surmounted by a large hat adorned with a jet-black plume. His glance was penetrating, his smile in the highest degree seductive, and his soft white hand might have excited the envy of a woman. The other, on the contrary, exhibited all the tokens of premature old age, accelerated by toil, sorrow, and indulgence in the passions. Short in stature, with a considerable stoop, dressed in a coarse, threadbare doublet, he seemed destitute of the most ordinary regard for cleanliness. His hair, held together in disorder by a comb that had once been white, was already turning gray, and his face was furrowed by a thousand wrinkles. The spectator soon remarked, however, that deep sagacity lay concealed beneath this rude exterior; the piercing glance of his greenish eye was almost insupportable.

While Rembrandt played with his ape, a hateful beast which, with the help of a little superstition, might have been taken for the familiar demon of the magician who inhabited this apartment, the new comer gazed with great attention at the unfinished painting, uttering words of astonishment and admiration.

"What magical colors! what freshness, The Venetian that the horsemen might enter. When she school has produced nothing that can vie with this. Master Rembrandt, that picture must be mine."

"It is impossible! I have painted it at the command of the Princess Clara Eugenia, and she is to pay me a thousand florins for it."

"I will give you four thousand. By St. Paul! my gallery were put to shame, if such a master-piece, instead of gracing my dwelling, adorned the palace of the Queen Regent of the Netherlands. Van Dyck, count out four thousand florins to Master Rembrandt."

"Van Dyck!" replied Rembrandt, in astonishment; "who are you, then, that Van Dyck serves you as a treasurer?"

"I am Peter Paul Rubens, and I have come from Antwerp to visit you."

"Rubens!" exclaimed Rembrandt, gazing at his rival from head to foot. "Well, then, since you are a brother artist, you know that time is precious; I will continue my work. A man must earn his bread," he added, with a hypocritical sigh. "Ah, me, I have no money to buy paintings at the rate of four thousand florins apiece!"

These dissembling words were uttered by a man who, as was discovered on the day after his death, had three millions of gold in his cellar.

Rembrandt took up his brush again, and in less than an hour the picture was completed, while all present stood around, in deep silence, and Rubens leaned, scarcely breathing, over the artist's chair. He devoured the palette with his eyes, and endeavored to penetrate the secret by which the old man produced those admirable effects of light and shade which distinguished his pictures.

When the painting was finished, Rembrandt rose and said:

"It is not yet noon; I can complete a new work before evening, therefore accept this as a mark of the esteem which I feel for you. If I have at times passed a sleepless night, it has been owing to the success of my rival."

"I am not your rival, Master, but your pupil. To convince you of this, permit me to to take yonder new canvas, and the brush which you have used. I will attempt to imitate your style. Helen, come hither, and sit in that part of the studio where the light falls most directly; place that straw hat upon your head, and be a good and docile model. Master Rembrandt, I introduce to you my dear wife."

Rembrandt glanced at the lovely creature with a sarcastic smile; he then call the old woman who was crouching near too chimney, took her by the hand, and returning the courtesy of his guest, he said :

"This woman here is my wife, Master Rubens; permit me to present her to you."

In the meanwhile Rubens had begun his work, which he continued without entirely interrupting the conversation.

"I was very anxious on your account a few weeks since," he said; "the rumor was prevalent in Antwerp that you were dead, and a dealer in paintings even showed a letter from your son which confirmed it."

Rembrandt smiled with an air of satis-

faction, and said:

"I needed six thousand florins to complete the sum necessary for the payment of my house; the trick was successful; I sold my paintings for twice their value. But pardon me, the hour for my dinner has struck. I will not venture to invite you to partake of it. Your train also is too numerous for so scanty a meal. Ay, ay, all painters cannot be ambassadors and princes. I have never received the slightest favor from the Kings of Spain and England, I belong to no order of knighthood, and my whole train consists of my ape, my wife, and my son Titus, when he is in Amsterdam. Catherine, bring me my dinner."

Dame Rembrandt, who readily divined her husband's thoughts, at once joined in the cynical humility which he seemed resolved to display before the pompous train of his guest. She spread a table that stood in the middle of the studio with a coarse white and blue checkered table-cloth, placed two earthen plates upon it, and from a dish of the same material she took, with a large wooden spoon, a thick soup prepared of vegetables and bread; she completed the dinner with a piece of lean beef, pickled herrings, cheese and small beer.

Rembrandt dispatched his meal with a hearty appetite. When he rose from the table, Rubens had finished the head upon which he was employed; it was the celebrated Straw Hat, painted under the inspiration of Rembrandt, a picture in which Rubens had displayed the vivid colorings, and the mysterious blending of light and shade, which characterized the works of that old

Rembrandt gazed at the noble painting

with constrained joy, in which both admiration and jealousy were visible.

"We are now quits, then," he said; "or rather I am a gainer by the exchange."

"We are not yet quits, Master. But for you, but for the lesson which you gave me in permitting me to look on while you were painting, I could not have executed this portrait, which is perhaps my best. Permit me, therefore, to present you with this casket, containing a set of silver ware, which I have had made for you, and marked with your name. As often as you use it, remember your admirer, your pupil-your friend, if you will allow me this title."

Rembrandt glanced with indifference at the costly gift, while Dame Catherine, with eager curiosity, examined the various pieces of richly embossed silver work which the casket contained.

"You are a great lord, Master Rubens, and it is the duty of a poor artist like myself to receive the gifts with which his patron, his Mæcenas honors him," replied Rembrandt, not without a shade of bitterness. "That is a different thing from our tin spoons, ha, Catherine! But now dispatch, and lay all quickly aside, for the time approaches when I cease to be a painter. After the clock strikes two I am a mere man of business. The Jews and merchants with whom I have dealings then visit me, and I already see Levi Zacharias, the silk mercer, below in the court. At what inn do you lodge, Master Rubens, that to-morrow morning, or this evening, I may pay my respects to you?"

"I lodge with the Count Penaflor. Farewell, Master, until this evening."

"Until this evening," replied Rembrandt, bowing humbly to the ground.

At a sign from Rubens, Helen and his train retired. All mounted their horses, and the splendid cavalcade set off at a full gallop.

Rembrandt followed it, for a while, with his eyes.

"That is a prince !" he muttered; "a king! He enjoys his life in splendor! Perhaps he is right, perhaps I am a fool to live in poverty and seclusion. Poverty!—yes, I am poor, in spite of all my wealth. But what of that? In yonder vault, locked with a key that never leaves me, I hold sums that could content the caprices of a king! Lavish in folly the fruits of thy labor, Rubens! I have here my happiness and my joy."

As he said this, he took a key from the

bundle that hung at his girdle, and having looked carefully around to satisfy himself that no one, not even his wife, was watching him, he opened a door which was constructed in the wall, and which led to a narrow stairway. He then lighted a lantern, locked the door behind him, cautiously descended fourteen damp steps, and at last reached a second door, which he opened like the first. He now found himself in a vault, in which stood numerous casks filled to the brim with gold coin. He stopped before one of these casks, suffered the rays of the light to play upon the pieces of gold, and after he had gazed upon them for a while, and thrust his fingers to and fro among them, so that the bright metal rang clear and sharp upon his ear, he exclaimed:

"Rubens, thou art a vain and foolish mortal! Out upon thy pride and extravagance! The highest of earthly pleasures, after all, is the possession of a treasure."

Suddenly a slight noise was heard. Rembrandt's delicate and mistrustful ear at once recognized the creaking of the gate of the court-yard. With a bound light as that of a youth he hastened up the stairs, rushed into his studio, drew the tapestry quickly before the place where the secret door opened, and hastened to meet his visitors.

"I greet you, Master Solomon Lirch, and you, Master Samuel Netscham! You are welcome!" he cried, almost out of breath. "Is it aught good that procures me the honor of this late visit?"

"I, for my part," replied the former, "have come to propose a loan to you. The merchant Lannan needs a thousand florins."

"I will lend them to him at twenty per cent.; but he must place in my hands as a pledge double the amount in wares."

"I will inform him of your conditions," rejoined Master Solomon Lirch.

"And I," said the other, after the latter had taken his leave, "wish to purchase a picture from you for Marshal Isenghien."

"I can content you. Here is the portrait of a rabbi, who was unable to pay for it after it was completed."

"What price do you set upon it?"

"A thousand florins." "A thousand florins!"

"You have heard me promise them to Samuel Netscham. If you will not pay the sum, I must procure them from another, for I have not a stiver in the house."

"I will pay you within three months."

"Not so, Master; I must have the money on the spot. How can a poor artist like myself wait for his daily earnings? He must live from day to day, and you demand that he should tarry for the payment of a painting for a space of three months! Pay down the sum at once, then, Master Solomon, or I shall take the picture to the auction of my engravings, which is to commence at seven o'clock."

"A singular idea, to sell objects of art auction at such an hour."

Rembrandt smiled.

"If you were a man of judgment, my dear picture-dealer, you would know that the faults of any single copy cannot be remarked by lamp-light, and they sell equally well with the good ones. I tell you of this only because you deal in pictures. But I have wasted time enough; I must now see how matters are going at the auction. Will you take that portrait for a thousand florins, ready money?"

Master Lirch made a few further remonstrances, to which Rembrandt refused to listen, and at last paid down the required sum. He took the picture with him, and

left Rembrandt alone.

When the latter had satisfied himself that the door of the vault that held his treasure was well secured, he led one of his large dogs from the court-yard into his studio, to protect it during his absence; he then wrapped himself in his mantle, covered his head with a wide slouched hat, and left the chamber, after having extinguished the lamp which he had lighted during his interview with the Jews. He now directed his steps towards the centre of the city, and proceeded to a building where public auctions were held. With his hat pressed more deeply upon his head, and his face concealed beneath his mantle, he glided unobserved through the crowd. A man who was mounted upon a table was offering pictures for sale. After having sold some paintings of Mierics and Gerhard Douw, he came to an engraving of Rembrandt's.

"The Crowned Juno."

"But Master Rembrandt has already sold

this engraving," cried a voice.

"Yes, but it was then unfinished; now it is all complete. Look, there was no crown upon Juno's head in the other; this defect is here remedied."

"But the addition seems on the whole quite unessential."

"Well, if you do not wish to buy, do not criticise," replied the seller, in a decided tone. "Thirty shillings!"

" Forty!"

"Fifty!"
"Eighty!"

"A hundred!"

A deep silence followed this offer.

"A hundred shillings," repeated the seller, "a hundred shillings! Does no one offer more?"

The young man who had offered this sum had already extended his hand to take the engraving, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed:

"A hundred and ten!"

The young man, irritated by this tardy and unexpected offer, now bid a hundred and twenty.

"A hundred and thirty!" cried the voice.

"A hundred and forty!"

"A hundred and fifty!"

"He may take it," said the young man, turning away; "to pay more would be to give thrice its value."

The seller laughed.

"Master Rembrandt," he said, "the engraving is yours; you have bid a hundred and fifty shillings."

All eyes were at once turned towards the man to whom these words were addressed. But, without manifesting the slightest em-

barrassment, Rembrandt said:

"I esteem myself fortunate in having come in time to secure this engraving. I sent it to auction by mistake, and I was sadly grieved on account of the error. It is too admirable and excellent for me to think of parting with it. The only way by which I could obtain it, was to purchase it again, and I have done so."

"It is a question," said the young man, "whether a painter should be admitted to an auction of his own works. However, Master, I offer you two hundred shillings for this engraving."

"It is a sacrifice indeed, but still it is a just punishment for my stupidity. In God's name, then, take the engraving for two hun-

dred shillings."

He then withdrew, not without having breathed a heavy sigh, as if he infinitely regretted having parted with an engraving which was far from possessing any extraordinary merit.

"Since they know that I am here," he said to himself, "I can remain no longer to

bid goon my works. I will visit then the great artist who calls himself Peter Paul Good Heaven! what a crowd throngs the streets! there go the cannon, and the houses are all illuminated! What can be the matter? Ha, worthy Burgomaster! wherefore are you arrayed thus in your holiday suit? Whence this tumult in the city?"

Master Anton Van Opsem, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, took Rembrandt's arm and drew him onward with him.

"I have no time to stand here talking," he said. "Important tidings have reached the States-General. Master Rubens's efforts to arrange the treaty have been attended with complete success, and all the corporations, with the Burgomaster and the Aldermen at their head, are assembling to do him honor. Do you not hear the shouts of the crowd, 'Long live Rubens, the pride of the Netherlands!"

Rembrandt drew his arm slowly from that of the Burgomaster.

" How! you will not go with me to greet Master Rubens ?"

"No, it is too late; my wife is waiting for me, and she might be alarmed at my remaining out so long. Farewell!"

With these words he turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

"Long live Rubens, the pride of the Netherlands!" he repeated in a low voice, as he proceeded onward. "The man plies all sorts of trades, then, and reaps honor upon honor. Yes, yes, he is a better negotiator perhaps than I am. But I am curious to know whether posterity will admire his paintings as much as they will mine. Old Rembrandt has, after all, his worth. But away from here, for the crowd increases, the shouts grow louder; this enthusiasm is a torment to me!"

He quickened his pace, but at the moment when he turned to leave the street, the din grew so tumultuous that he retraced his steps to inquire the cause. Rubens had appeared upon the balcony, and was there saluting the crowd. Rembrandt rushed in furious haste toward his dwelling.

"For Heaven's sake! what is the matter?" "You are so cried his wife as he entered. pale! Are you sick? What ails you? Why, you have torn your mantle, and your clutched hand still holds the shreds."

"It is nothing," he answered rudely, "nothing that concerns you."

was alone, as he cast himself upon an old leathern chair, "fool that I am to be jealous of this man!"

He then added with a sigh, glancing at his torn mantle, "I am afraid it cannot be mended; at last I shall have to purchase a new one!"

When Master Nicholas Barruello had received that unhoped-for aid from the hands of the unknown horseman, he bitterly reproached himself for having doubted, for an instant, in Providence. He entered his little dwelling with a light heart, and nothing short of the sad spectacle which it displayed could have banished the expression of joy which had, for a moment, enlivened his face.

On the way thither he had purchased bread, some cooked meat, and a can of beer. He placed the stock of provisions upon the chimney-piece, and began to repair the disorder in his chamber. He restored the little window to its position, set new panes in the place of the broken ones, swept the snow into the street, rekindled the fire, and then, not without hesitation, prepared to commence the sad duty which remained to him, and which, yielding to a natural feeling of aversion, he had until now deferred, namely, to bury the dead. Fortifying himself with the sign of the cross, he entered the chamber in which lay the lifeless remains of Netcelli's wife and infant. With trembling hands he arranged the bodies for interment, and then returned to the outer chamber. An unexpected noise now startled him. He looked around, his brow moistened with cold sweat; it was Netcelli, who had seized the bread which lay upon the mantel, and was endeavoring to secrete himself in a corner, in order to devour his booty in security. This brutish act was even more revolting to Master Nicholas than the sight of the corpses.

"Yesterday," he said to himself, "this man was inspired with the noblest courage; his sole thought was to rescue his family from destruction. To-day, without consciousness and without thought, in the presence of these dead bodies, he thinks of nothing more than to satisfy the cravings of animal hunger. Yesterday he was scarcely lower than an angel; to-day he is less than a beast."

His heart would have murmured against "Fool that I am!" he exclaimed when he Providence, but he quickly endeavored to repress these thoughts, so unworthy of a joiner, who did not quite seem to share in Christian, by repeating a suitable prayer; and when he had satisfied himself that Antonio lay sunk in profound slumber, he hastened to the priest of the nearest parish, to inform him that two corpses were lying in his house, and to beg him to give them a Christian burial. The priest was well acquainted with Master Nicholas; he told him to be seated, praised him for his charity, and arranged the expenses of the burial at so reasonable a rate, that three of the gold pieces remained untouched in the pocket of the worthy man. The benevolence of the priest somewhat restored Barruello's courage, and he left the good man to repair to a neighboring joiner's. This man also was unwilling to appear ungenerous; he at once set to work, and refused to receive payment for any thing more than the value of the wood which he had used in constructing a last tenement for the dead. In addition to this, he promised to attend to the burial Antonio awaked at the of the deceased. sound of the hammering, and cried after his mother; the maniac also started up in alarm, but it was only to cower again more closely into his corner.

In the meanwhile Master Nicholas had put on his best suit, and stepped from time to time to the window, to see if the generous stranger were not approaching; but the time passed, and he did not make his appearance. When the priest had arrived, accompanied by a boy bearing a cross, Master Nicholas and Antonio alone followed the coffin. The joiner and three other neighbors had undertaken to commit the dead to the earth. On retiring from the churchyard, the tailor inquired of a neighbor's wife who had taken care of his dwelling in his absence, whether any one had called upon him. She had seen no one, however. Master Nicholas breathed a deep sigh of disappointment.

"That is the way with the rich," he said, bitterly. "One turns away his nearest kinsfolk when they have fallen into poverty, and even refuses them a coffin after they are dead; another forgets the promise that he has made, although no one claimed it of Ah, Master Eustachius," he added, turning to the joiner who stood near him, "let us thank God that he has kept us poor."

the philosophical views of his neighbor. "Yet, if you were richer, the question what to do with this little lad would be less embarrassing."

"As to that, my mind is long since made up," answered Barruello; "I will never forsake those who are forsaken by the world. So long as I have a morsel of bread, I will share it with him; and God be thanked, Master Eustachius, we have fingers and a needle, that, with Heaven's blessing, can earn something more than mere bread."

"By the Holy Virgin! you are a worthy man, Master Nicholas, and I will not suffer you to perform the good work alone. I will take Antonio as an apprentice, and with God's help I will make a good joiner of him."

Master Barruello was too deeply moved to reply; he reached the worthy man his hand in token of assent, and the two passed the evening together by the chimney over a can of beer.

Before we conclude this chapter, we must explain to the reader why Master Nicholas did not receive the money which Rembrandt had destined for him, as well as the reason why Rubens had not kept his promise.

In the first place, Dame Catherine had taken advantage of Rubens's visit, to leave her husband's commands unfulfilled, and to appropriate to herself the money intended for Master Nicholas. Secondly, the same courier who had brought the important tidings by which the whole city was set in commotion, was the bearer also of an order to the negotiator to repair at once to Brussels, in order to receive the reward of his diplomatic talents, and to be intrusted with a mission of still greater importance. In the confusion of this unexpected departure, Rubens had forgotten the tailor, and his promise to visit him.

VI.

TEN years after his first visit to Amsterdam. Rubens again journeyed to that city. Commissioned by Philip II. to purchase a collection of the most distinguished paintings of the Flemish school, for the Escurial, he resolved to attend to the selection of the pictures himself; and for this purpose he visited all the cities of the Netherlands, and the studios of the most renowned artists. First of all, he natu-"Perhaps you are right," replied the rally applied to Rembrandt. As Rubens entered the old building, he was astonished at | permit you to leave this house without parthe changes which he beheld every where around him. It is true, nothing betrayed greater wealth on the part of the proprietor, but every thing testified to the unwearied and intelligent care which had labored to repair and embellish the half-fallen building. The brass locks shone like gold; one could ascend the steps without, as heretofore, stumbling over rubbish, and the winding stairs that led from the court were adorned with blossoming orange trees in large porcelain vases.

The changes in the inner part of the dwelling were still more striking. The utmost cleanliness was visible, where formerly lay heaps of dirt and broken crockery; the windows were hung with curtains, and sweet flowers diffused on all sides their balmy perfume. At the first sound of the bell, a young and active maid-servant opened the gate. On entering, Rubens scarcely recognized Rembrandt's former dwelling. small saloon formed the ante-chamber to the artist's studio. Here he met an aged dame, whose manners were evidently the result rather of natural tact than of the habit of intercourse with the world. Rubens's eye reposed with pleasure upon her soft and regular features. She was short in stature, and had attained that degree of rotundity which is so well suited to persons of mature years; she was clad in a cotton gown, and wore about her neck a massive golden chain, while a bundle of keys hung at her A snow-white, neatly-plaited collar encircled her neck; and her luxuriant auburn hair, which was slightly interspersed with silver, was fastened together on the top of her head, leaving her brow uncovered. Rubens bowed respectfully and gave her his

"Master Rubens!" she exclaimed; "my brother will be proud and happy to receive such a guest, for you are our guest, I hope. Am I not right? Rubens has certainly not thought of taking up his abode elsewhere than with his admirer and rival, Rembrandt."

As Rubens excused himself, she said, with a sweet smile:

"If you have indeed thought otherwise, you must at once repair your fault; yes, your fault," she repeated. "If you will not sleep beneath our roof, you must at least take a place at our table. I am too faithful a guardian of the honor of our family, to ness,

taking of our hospitality."

As she uttered these friendly words, that were spoken in a tone which showed that Rubens would not be treated as a stranger in Rembrandt's house, she opened the door of the studio, and said:

"Dear brother, here is Master Rubens."

The studio had undergone fewer changes than the other parts of the house; the dust, however, which had formerly defaced it, had disappeared, and in place of the ill-shaped chimney, which ten years before had served Dame Catherine for the purposes of cookery, stood a large and handsome stove. At the sound of Rubens's name Rembrandt rose from his seat, and advanced to meet him.

"Welcome, King of Antwerp!" he said. "But where has your highness left your accustomed train !"

At this somewhat ironical salutation, the color mounted to Rubens's face.

"That is an attention which my brother knows how to prize, and for which he is very grateful to you," said Rembrandt's sister, quickly interposing. The old painter glanced at his sister, and his face suddenly grew brighter; he reached Rubens his hand in a kind and friendly manner.

"It is a long time since we have seen each other," he said. "Much has happened in the interval. I am a widower; old Catherine, whom you may remember, is dead. God be praised!"

"Brother, dear brother!" cried his sister, interrupting him.

"My sister Louise now lives with me; she has left all for her brother's sake, and devotes herself solely to his welfare. She is an angel, Rubens; in truth, an angel!"

As he said this, he wiped a tear from his eye; and Rubens gazed with an air almost of reverence upon Louise, who blushed like a young maiden.

"You will meet with a better reception here than you did ten years ago," continued Rembrandt. "I blush when I think of it. Louise understands how to receive a guest, except that she expends somewhat too much; and when one is but a poor artist, and is obliged to toil so hard to support life-but who comes here? Heaven preserve us! it is Master Nikeler, the Notary. Welcome, my worthy friend!"

Louise hastened to meet the man of busi-

"My brother is busy at present; he has

no time to speak with you.'

"I bring too good news, my dear dame, to depart without informing you of it. Your uncle Gerretz is dead, and has left you four hundred thousand florins."

"Four hundred thousand florins!" exclaimed Rembrandt, with unspeakable delight; "four hundred thousand florins!"

"Eustachius Gerretz left not less than six hundred thousand florins, which are to be divided in three parts: one part for you, lady, one for you, Master Rembrandt, and one for the children and heirs of your sister Margaret."

"She is dead," said Rembrandt.

"But her children!"

"Her children likewise."

"Their death is not yet legally established; and until this is the case, many years will elapse before you can enter upon possession, not merely of their third, but even of your own."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Rembrandt.

"Alas!" sighed Louise, "I would with joy resign all this gold, and more, to be able see my unhappy niece and her children once again!"

"We cannot come into possession of our portions, then, until the heirs of the third are

discovered?"

"Or until you can, in due form, establish evidence of their decease," added the notary.

"That shall be done within an hour. The grandson of my sister Margaret must be still living; or, if he is not, we can easily procure evidence of his death."

"My sister's grandson! How, my brother! you knew that he was living, and have never spoken to me of the matter! Where is he? Answer me, in the name of Heaven, in the name of our mother!"

"If the tailor, Nicholas Barruello, has not sent him to the hospital," continued Rembrandt, who, solely occupied with the idea of their rich inheritance, uttered his thoughts aloud.

"The tailor, Nicholas Barruello! my nephew is with him! And why have you kept this secret from me?"

"What would you have, Louise? To feed and educate a child, when a man has children of his own, and, besides, is only a poor artist?"

"You discovered the existence of this child within a few days only, then?"

"Ten years ago," said Rembrandt, who well remembered the occurrence. "It was on Allhallow night."

"Oh, Master Nikeler!" cried Louise, "you must know where this man, this Nicholas Barruello dwells. Lead me to him at once!"

"He lives at the other end of the city, in Rotterdam street."

"Let us hasten thither."

"Permit me to accompany you," said Rubens to the aged dame; "I also have an act of injustice and forgetfulness to repair."

VII.

At the time when the tailor, Nicholas Barruello, found his family suddenly augmented by two unhappy beings, whom Providence had sent to him, he asked himself anxiously how he should procure a maintenance for three persons, he who had thus far found it hard to provide for himself alone. But matters turned out better than he had expected. By his industry and activity, and owing to several fortunate accidents, in which the signs of the protection of Heaven were plainly visible, he never wanted daily bread; nay, he had at times his days of festivity. Not a Sunday went by but the families of the tailor and the joiner assembled at one common table. The future fortunes of the little Antonio Netcelli were often the subject of their discousre. The youth had become the joiner's pride, for he handled the plane and the chisel with remarkable dexterity and admirable judgment. When the tailor and the joiner looked at the drawings which he prepared as models for various pieces of work, they were unable to control their astonishment; these sketches obtained also the unanimous applause of the joiner's customers, who were attracted in great numbers to his shop by the skill of his apprentice. Thus, the good people's days passed The only affliction calmly and happily. which they experienced during the whole ten years was caused by the death of the maniac Netcelli; they had grown accustomed to the presence of this unhappy being, and at his death they wept tears of genuine sorrow. Antonio was for a long time inconsolable; yet his father's death did not render the boy an orphan, for the joiner and the tailor, especially the latter, treated him with a love as tender and devoted as he had

was in the full possession of his senses.

Antonio passed the whole day in the joiner's workshop; at evening he visited his second father, who could scarcely await the hour of his dear foster-son's arrival. Supper was then served by Master Nicholas, and Antonio did honor to it with the appetite of a healthy youth of sixteen. The remainder of the evening was spent in reading, drawing, or even painting, for Antonio displayed an uncommon talent for this art. On Sundays and holidays he locked himself in his chamber, took the palette and pencil in his hand, and seated himself before an easel of his own making. Here he sketched little paintings, executed without art, but in true and lively colors; his models were almost always Master Netcelli, or his neighbor the joiner.

Antonio sat thus busied one evening, while Barruello had gone out to carry to a customer an old coat which he had repaired, when he heard a knock at the door. He hastened to open it, and beheld a small and crooked old man, dressed in black, a cavalier of a lofty, stately figure, and an aged dame who seemed greatly agitated. He saluted them with a friendly air, and asked them whether they wished to speak with Master Nicholas Barruello.

"He will soon return," he added. "Have the goodness to sit."

Louise took the chair which Antonio offered her. Rubens seated himself before Antonio's easel, and was unable to repress an exclamation of admiration, which caused the boy to blush deeply.

"Who is your master?" he said, turning to Antonio.

"I have none, sir; I devote only my leisure hours to painting; by trade I am a

"You must leave the joiner's bench, and become a painter."

"Ah, that is easily said, but hard to be done. I and my father must live."

"Your father!" cried Louise; "is your father still living?"

"No; I mean my foster-father, the good tailor, Master Nicholas, for my poor father is with my mother and little sister in heaven. Ah, the story of my life is a very sad one!"

"You are Antonio Netcelli, then?"

" Yes."

"My dear child, your life will now change; you need no longer work to gain a liveli- hand upon Antonio's right shoulder, "are

ever experienced from his father when he | hood; you are rich, and will find relatives again. Embrace me, my child; I am your mother's aunt."

> Weeping, she reached out her arms toward the orphan, and Antonio sank sobbing upon her bosom.

> "My mother's aunt! my aunt Louise, of whom my mother so often spoke to me! Oh, let me embrace you once again!"

At this moment heavy steps were heard upon the stairs, and Master Nicholas Barruello entered the chamber, which, to his extreme astonishment, he found filled with strangers. Antonio tore herself from the arms of Louise to cast himself upon Barruello's neck.

"That is my dear aunt," he cried, "my mother's aunt! We are now rich; we are now happy. I shall give up my trade and become a painter."

Master Nicholas pressed the boy again and again to his heart, and cast himself before an image of the Holy Virgin, to thank her for the happiness which she had bestowed upon his dear Antonio. But suddenly his face, which was flushed with joy, grew pale, and his features assumed an air of sadness and dejection. He fastened a sorrowful glance upon Antonio, whom his aunt held closely embraced; then he turned away his head and began to pray again, but tears choked his utterance; he rose quickly, tore Antonio from the arms of his aunt, clasped him with convulsive violence to his bosom, and cried:

"You will love her, then, more than

"More than you, my father!" replied Antonio, embracing the old man; "no! but as much, for she is my mother's aunt. You must not be jealous of this affection; it does not in any wise diminish mine towards you, and never, never will we separate! A son should never forsake his father."

"He is right, Master Nicholas; our family will henceforth be yours. Come, my friends, my brother is waiting for his nephew."

"My uncle!" said Antonio, gloomily, and with an air of hesitation.

"You must pardon him, as those who are in heaven pardon him!" murmured Louise,

"Come, then, my father!" cried Antonio, clasping his arm about Barruello's waist.

"Young man," said Rubens, laying his

you willing to be my pupil? I will take you and this old man with me to Antwerp; my house shall be yours. I am Peter Paul Rubens."

"Rubens!" exclaimed Antonio in astonishment; "you Rubens!—I a pupil of Rubens!"

He gazed for some moments at the uncle, he gave a renowned painter; then, after some hesitation, he placed his left hand in his aunt's, Anton Netscher.

while with the right he held that of the tailor.

"I cannot part from her," he said; "she looks so like my dear mother."

Antonio became Rembrandt's pupil, and soon obtained in Flanders the fame due to his distinguished talents. To please his uncle, he gave a Flemish termination to his name, and signed his paintings Kaspar Anton Netscher.

TO STELLA.

I LOVE thee not for rank or gold,
For land or social fashion;
I have lived too long with the gallant and bold,
I have learned too much from the great of old,
To coin a true man's passion.

I love thee not for the wavy hair
Which falls in shadowy showers;
Not for the figure, so debonair,
Not for the footstep, light as air,
Or the step of Spring over flowers.

I love thee not for the loving eye,
So full of earnest beaming,
Which has caught its hue from the deep blue sky,
When the feathery clouds in slumber lie,
And Nature's soul is dreaming.

I love thee not for the noble brow,
Where the shadow of Thought reposes;
Not for the bosom, like sifted snow,
Nor the cheek where rival flowrets glow,
The lilies beside the roses.

I love thee not for the gentle lays
Which thrill my bosom thorough;
The faint, sweet echoes of olden days,
Ere life had proved a troubled maze
Of endless hope and sorrow.

I love thee for the trace of care
Which on your forehead hovers,
Like a shadow from your clustering hair,
For the mystic sorrow sleeping there
No eye but mine discovers;

And for the ghost of by-gone fears,

Which is floating still above thee;
For the secret sorrows and silent tears,
For the mystery of your early years,
I love thee, dear, I love thee.

New York, June 4th, 1851.

THOMAS GRAY.

OF Thomas Gray, one who was no mean! critic has said, "that he joined to the sublimity of Milton the elegance and harmony of Pope, and wanted nothing to have made him, perhaps, the first of English poets, but to have written a little more." The impartial judgment of time is evincing the justice of this praise. His works, of which he himself humorously expressed a fear "lest they should be mistaken for the works of a flea or a pismire," are in size inconsiderable indeed. A few short poems and a volume of familiar letters to his friends comprise the whole literary productions of his life, the entire results of fifty-five years of thought and study. But few as they are, they are a treasure for all time, and the precious life-blood of a master-spirit. No poet in the English language, who has written so little, is so much read and so well known. The fame of almost all, even of the authors of imperishable creations, rests upon a small portion of their works, while the great bulk of them has proved perishable and soon passed away. For every stanza of Pope or Dryden which is now remembered and admired, there are whole pages long since unread and forgotten. But not a line of Gray's will the world willingly let die; every ray from his genius still shines like the steady light of some faroff star.

The quiet scholar, whose taste has been cultivated by long communion with the models of antiquity, finds relief in turning from the jejune literature of the day, to one whose every line breathes the spirit of the classics; while the verses of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard are familiar as household words to all the children in our land. There are few better proofs of an author's genius, than to have his words pass into proverbs. It shows that they embody truths to which the heart of universal humanity responds, and truths so well uttered that all mankind adopt the form of their expression. By this test we may judge of the merits of Gray; and after Shakspeare and Milton, we shall find hardly an English poet so many

an approved part of the intellectual currency of the world. It is said that General Wolfe, the night before his death, as he lay in the stern of the boat, gliding with muffled oars down to the place from which he climbed the Heights of Abraham, repeated to a brother officer the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and at the close of the last verse said, "I would rather be the author of that poem than master of Quebec to-morrow." praise does equal honor to the poet and him who uttered it. We do not undervalue the greatness of that exploit; the preciptious ascent, the hard-fought battle, the glorious death may well command our praise. But the judgment of the young soldier, himself a scholar and a poet, was right. The fame of Gray will still remain after martial glory has ceased to dazzle, and the walls of that towering fortress are crumbled to dust.

We have thought that a brief sketch of this poet's life might be a not unacceptable offering to our readers. It is indeed almost barren of incidents, the quiet life of a scholar, the history of an intellect rather than of a

He was born at Cornhill, December 26, 1716, the son of a money scrivener, whose means, originally slender, had been reduced by extravagance. He was sent from a boy's grammar-school to Eton, and from Eton to Cambridge. On leaving the University he designed to pursue the study of the law, but after a few months gladly forsook the shrine of Themis to accompany young Horace Walpole on his travels. More than two years were spent in visiting the usual objects of interest in middle and southern Europe; and then an unfortunate rupture with his companion and patron sent him home by the nearest and cheapest route. Shortly after his return to England, his father's death left him in yet more straitened circumstances, and he felt himself too poor to pursue the profession originally marked out for him. To avoid the importunities of his mother and aunt, who would willingly have stinted themselves to eke out his inof whose lines have become common phrases, come, he went again to Cambridge, and in due time took his bachelor's degree in civil | law. Nearly all his life was spent there because of the cheapness of the place, and the facilities afforded by its libraries. Two years before his death he was chosen Professor of Modern Languages, but never entered upon the duties of his post. He was also appointed Poet Laureate, but declined an office which had been so often disgraced. He never married, and after his return from the Continent, a few weeks' tour in Scotland was the most important incident which interrupted the monotony of his life. He died at the age of fifty-five, of hereditary gout.

Thus briefly may be summed up all those outward facts and circumstances which met the world's eye, and seemed to make up his life. The outline is meagre and unpromising enough, but let us return and see if it does not contain something of interest and value.

The well-known observation that men of genius are commonly the sons of remarkable mothers, is verified in the case of Gray. Unusual were his obligations to her, and with unusual filial love and reverence were they repaid. He only of her twelve children survived the age of infancy. The rest all died from suffocation induced by fulness of blood, and his life was only saved by his mother's courage in opening one of his veins with her own hands, when the paroxysm attacked him. At Eton and at Cambridge he depended upon her for his support. We learn by a written statement, submitted by Mrs. Gray to an eminent lawyer, in 1735, when she vainly sought relief from her cruel situation, "that she almost provided every thing for her son whilst at Eton College, and now he is at Peter House in Cambridge, and that her husband hath used her in the most inhuman manner by beating, kicking, punching, and with the most vile and abusive language," &c. "This she was resolved, if possible, to bear, and not to leave her shop of trade for the sake of her son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him, since his father won't." Such devoted maternal affection could hardly fail to call forth marked filial piety in return. During her life his attentions to her were most assiduous, and after her death he cherished her memory with sacred sorrow. Mr. Mason informs us that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. The inscription which he placed over her remains speaks of her as

dren, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." How touching is this brief tribute of grateful love! Volumes of eulogy could not increase our admiration of the gentle being to whom it was paid; her patient devotion, her meek endurance. Wherever the name and genius of Gray are known, there shall also his mother's virtues be told for a memorial of her.

We know nothing of our poet's boyhood until his residence at Eton, where he was under the care of his maternal uncle, Mr. Antrobus, to whom he seems to have been much indebted for the direction of his early education. Here commenced his friendship with Horace Walpole and Richard West, each of whom was destined to influence his future character. Here, also, was laid the broad foundation of that classical scholarship which afterwards became the chief solace of his life, and shed such rich and mellow light upon his poetry.

On leaving Eton, West entered Christ Church College at Oxford, and Gray, Peter House at Cambridge. From the date of this separation, begin those interesting letters between them, which exhibit the character of each to great advantage, and are the records of one of the most beautiful friendships in all literary history. They were both young men of ardent sensibilities, imaginative and poetic temperaments, and fine classical genius, but averse to the severer studies of logic and the mathematics, and shrinking instinctively from the anticipation of the practical pursuits and rude collisions of active life.

Their correspondence was continued until the early death of West in 1742, and is a free and unreserved expression of their opinions, tastes, and feelings. The University of Cambridge has always been, and even now is, more partial to the natural and moral sciences than to classical literature, and Gray seems to have found there a state of things very little to his mind. His darling studies were comparatively neglected, and he was himself forced to turn from them, more than he liked, to other branches. Many of his letters express the disappointment, and even disgust, with which this affected him. In one of the earliest to West, he writes, after mentioning "the contempt into which his old friends and classical companions are fallen" there, as follows: "I think I love them the better for it, and, indeed, what can "the careful, tender mother of many chil- I do else? Must I plunge into metaphy-

sics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas, I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle," &c. "If these are the profits of life, give me the amusements of it." West, on his part, complains of Oxford even "as a land flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown." These are, doubtless, exaggerated pictures, but they sufficiently indicate the mental state of both the friends. Their letters treat chiefly of their poetry and studies in polite literature; some of them inclose copies of verse, mostly in Latin, and several of the letters themselves are in that language. The extent and variety of classical learning, and the cultivated taste which they display, cannot fail to astonish and call forth the admiration of every reader. Those of Grav manifest a tendency to the depression of spirits which weighed upon him nearly all his life, and was probably a malady inherited with the gout. West was all the time despondent and in wretched health; the disease which ultimately destroyed him had already begun to waste his vitals, and the tender solicitude of his friend betrays itself throughout the whole correspondence.

During his entire course at the University, Gray seems to have kept himself much aloof from society; to have sought no college honors, and taken little interest in the affairs of the community of which he was a The effeminacy of his manners, member. we are told, caused him to be nicknamed "Miss Gray;" and we can readily understand that his spirit, delicate and sensitive to a fault, must have revolted at the "Jacobinism and its concomitant hard drinking," which Mr. Mason acknowledges then infected the University. The two friends walked hand in hand, in the words of West,

"Through many a flowery grove and shelly grot, Where learning lured us in its private maze.

The limits of a sketch like this, of course, preclude us from making extracts from their letters, to which we would commend all who would trace the growth of the poet's mind, and learn the aliment which nurtured his cultivated taste and beautiful imagination.

The next period of his life was that spent

history of which is to be found in his letters to West and his other friends. France, Switzerland, Italy and Sicily were successively visited, and few objects of interest were left unnoticed. We can say little of this tour; for it was over the common ground of travellers, and embraced nothing novel or unusual. A charm has been thrown over it by the graphic descriptions of Gray, and the classical spirit with which he viewed every object. But this charm is inseparable from his own writings, and can no more be transferred than the rich colors of the painting can be to the rude crayon sketch made from it. In his careful notice of manners and customs, and the felicity with which he made modern and ancient times mutually illustrate each other, he has been said most nearly to resemble Addison. is during this time that those humorous talents which his friends deemed so great, chiefly display themselves. Except for his letters, then, we should hardly understand the possibility of what one of his friends said, that "Gray never wrote any thing easily but things of humor." The cloud of dejection and sorrow under which most of his after life was spent, obscured this power, and it is only in occasional flashes that we discern it.

His travels were abruptly ended by a quarrel with his patron, which has been va-Walpole afterwards riously represented. took upon himself the entire blame of the rupture, and, we are inclined to think, deservedly. The most authentic version would seem to be that Gray was disposed to faultfinding, and Walpole, suspecting himself to have been spoken ill of in letters to England, clandestinely opened and resealed a private package, an indignity which Gray very properly resented. Several years after, a reconciliation took place between them, and they were again on familiar terms; but on the side of Gray, entire cordiality seems never to have been restored.* The immedi-

^{*} The following from the new letters of Walpole to the Rev. William Mason, published since this article was written, throws more light upon this question and exhibits both the parties favorably. It will be read with interest.-ED.

[&]quot;I am conscious that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diupon his travels with Horace Walpole, the version, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated

return to England. He reached there in September, 1741, two months before his father's death.

In the following spring he lost his friend West, an affliction which preved deeply upon his spirits. West, on leaving Oxford, had taken chambers in the Temple, and pursued for some time the study of the law. But his health failed rapidly, domestic trials crowded thickly upon him, and at length he went home to die. His letters to Gray during his last winter are indescribably touching. Indeed a melancholy grace invests every thing connected with this young man; we dwell with fondness on the few remains of his genius, and lament that it was quenched so soon. Whether the promise of his youth would have been realized in mature years we cannot certainly tell, but its indications were so bright that we may well regret their disappointment. Mr. Mason informs us that at Eton his genius was deemed superior to Gray's. Among Gray's most beautiful productions the fragment of a Latin poem, "De Principiis Cogitandi," an affectionate sonnet in English, the Ode on the Prospect of Eton College, the Hymn to Adversity, and the commencement of the Elegy, were written within a year after West's death, and bear strong marks of his affection and sorrow. With many others he was on intimate and familiar terms, but no after friendship filled the place thus made vacant, Dr. Wharton and Mr. Mason, the poet, seem

ate consequence of the difficulty was Gray's | to have been next in his regards. To the latter we are indebted for his biography and a collection of his letters.

During the next three years we know nothing of Gray's life except that it was devoted entirly to classical studies, and that he made for himself a very elaborate table of Greek Chronology. In 1747 the Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, after lying in manuscript several years, was published by Dodsley, and was the first of his poems that appeared in print. It was followed in 1750 by the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," which immediately received the full measure of admiration it has ever since retained. Gray himself by no means put upon this poem the same relative estimation as did the public, and he once told Dr. Gregory, "with a good deal of acrimony," "that it owed its popularity entirely to the subject, and would have been received as well if it had been written in prose." In 1753 he lost his mother, of whose character we have already spoken, In 1756 he left Peter House, where he had resided for twenty years, on account of some incivilities offered to him by drunken neighbors, and removed to Pembroke Hall, another college in the same University. This he speaks of "as an era in a life so barren of events" as his.

In 1757 were published his two odes, The Bard and the Progress of Poetry. They were for a long time ill-received and ludicrously misunderstood, though, in the words of Mason, "the one must be plain enough to every one who has read Pindar, and the other, to all not grossly ignorant of English History." When these odes were printed in a second edition, the author added to them a few notes, "just to tell the gentle reader," he says, "that Edward the First was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the witch of Endor." At the same time he prefixed to them a motto from Pindar, sufficiently expressive of his feelings: "I wrote for the intelligent; but the multitude need interpreters."

This same year he declined the place of Poet Laurate; his reasons for doing which are thus given in a letter to Mr. Mason: "The office has always humbled the possessor hitherto: if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there

by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a prime minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly perhaps made me deem not my superior then in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently : he loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us when he acted from conviction of knowing he was my superior; I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I offered to send him to them without me, Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating. At the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part had I had the sense to take advan-tage of it; he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that, with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider till we became incompatible."

are poets little enough to envy even a Poet Laureate." In 1758 he seems to have been much engaged in the study of architecture. In 1762 he was an unsuccessful applicant for the Professorship of Modern Languages, which had been previously promised to another candidate. In 1765 he made a short journey into Scotland, to recruit his health, which had now become very feeble. At this time he declined the degree of Doctor of Laws which was offered to him by the University of Aberdeen, "lest it should seem a slight upon Cambridge." The next year was published the last edition of his poems that appeared during his life. In 1768 the Professorshp of Modern Languages again became vacant, and he received it unsolicited from the Duke of Grafton, who was shortly after chosen Chancellor of the University. The beautiful ode performed at his installation was written by Gray, who "thought it better that gratitude should sing than expectation." It is to be found in all the posthumous collections of his

His new office, the income of which he greatly needed, was very acceptable, but he never entered upon its duties. He was prevented partly, perhaps, by indolence and diffidence, but chiefly by ill-health. of his time after his appointment was spent in short journeys. "Travel I must," he says, "or cease to exist." On one of these tups to Westmoreland and the Lakes, he was to have been accompanied by Dr. Wharton; but the latter was forced to return home by a sudden illness, and, for his amusement, Gray wrote an epistolary description of the tour. The elegance and picturesque merit of this journal called forth the admiration even of Dr. Johnson.

During all this time his health was steadily failing, and his attacks of gout were becoming more frequent and alarming. But his death at the last was sudden, and took place after an illness of only five days, July 30, 1771. Of his last hours we have hardly any account, for none of his friends were with him. By his will, Mr. Mason and Dr. Browne were appointed his executors, and to the former were intrusted all his MSS., to be preserved or destroyed at his discretion. He was buried, according to his directions, by the side of his mother in the churchyard at Stoke,

The intellectual character of Gray is apparent both from what he did and what he did not. The small number of his works, and the many conceptions left unexecuted, but shadowing forth forms of beauty which might have been, sufficiently indicate the irresolution and fastidiousness which were its prominent defects; while every sentence or verse which he did write is polished by the cultivated taste of the scholar, or sparkles with the splendid imagination of the poet. We shall attempt no eulogy of his genius, or refutation of its detractors. For however the opinions of individuals may differ upon minor points, the day of harsh and illiberal criticism against him has passed, and the judgment of all assigns him a lofty place among English poets.

Of his peculiar religious views, we have little knowledge. A passage in the Walpoliana speaks of them as skeptical; but its authority would, under any circumstances, have little weight, and it is entirely counterbalanced by the whole tenor of his life and writings. The doctrines of Hume, Voltaire, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke are indignantly rebuked in his correspondence. And the excellence of his private character, together with the moral and religious consolations which he invoked in his own despondency and affliction, and to which he beautifully directed his friends, give us reason to hope that, whatever may have been his intellectual belief, the sentiments of genuine piety were alive in his heart.

His memoirs were published by Mason, who also edited a complete edition of his poems. Many years after Mr. Mitford wrote his biography, which, together with all his literary remains, was published in a large quarto volume. Mr. Mason's book appeared too soon after Gray's death, to be in all respects complete. That of Mitford contains all the materials from which an excellent biography might be compiled, but thrown together in an ill-considered and undigested work. Some of the notes with which he has illustrated the poems are curious and valuable.

There is no good edition of Gray's life and all his works accessible to the public, a deficiency which some of our publishers should supply. The object of the preceding imperfect sketch will be accomplished if it induce some more able writer to undertake the task,

JUNIUS.

"Podagricus fit pugil."-HORACE.

CONCLUDED.

Earl of Chatham has led a few writers to attribute the celebrated Letters to his Lordship. Among these writers the most respectable has been Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Cambridge, Mass., who published a book on Junius in 1831. This, though rather garrulous and rambling, has its compensation in the justness of its views, and what we believe to be the truth of its conclusions. The Doctor's meaning is better than his mode. He is too much like the advocates of other Juniuses, who argue less for truth than for the honor of their own hypotheses, and try to conceal or quietly overlook every thing which does not make for their object or which they cannot explain. Doubtless the untenable nature of the claims they put forward obliges them to a great deal of this; but the fact is palpable. Dr. Waterhouse has laid himself open to the charge of special pleading in his essay. He covers but half the ground; for he omits all consideration of the Miscellaneous Letters, which we know to be those of Junius, not less by their intrinsic evidence than his own admission to Woodfall. The Doctor's book, from this omission, is more calculated to injure the hypothesis than to serve it. But his truth is too strong for his weakness to impair; and in spite of his imperfect way of going over the course, we feel that the old gentleman has been maundering away upon the right track after all. The first of these Miscellaneous Letters of Junius (under various signatures) is undoubtedly a rock on which all the pretensions urged for Lord Chatham seem to split at the very outset. And the second and third and others, as the reader proceeds, appear to put the Pittites completely hors du combat. The letters, however, cannot be ignored. They must be Charlemont says: "No member of the opmet, scrutinized, and interpreted, according position speaks without directly abusing

THE resemblance between Junius and the | to the guidance furnished by the character and design of the letter-writer and other circumstances of the time.

> Before we come to them, we have to speak of Chatham's mosaic ministry. Scarcely was it put together, when his unrelenting ailment, the gout, obliged him to go to Bath and drink the waters, leaving matters at sixes and sevens. His brain at that time seemed to be as much tormented as his legs. At the close of 1766, Lord Chesterfield, writing from Bath, says: "Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here with a very real gout, and not a political one, as is very often suspected." About a year afterwards, December 1st, 1767, he writes again from the same place: "Lord Chatham's physician had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout and scattered it over his body, and it fell particularly on his nerves, so that he is sometimes exceedingly vaporish. He would neither see nor speak to any body while he was here. This time twelve months he was here in good health and spirits, but for these last eight months he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends. He would receive no friends, nor so much as open any packet about business." His own business at that period had begun to flow into a new channel. In the beginning of this year, 1767, Lord Charlemont writes from London: "Lord Chatham is still Minister; but how long he may continue so is a problem that would pose the deepest politician. The opposition grows more and more violent, and seems to gain ground: his ill-health as yet prevents his doing any business. The ministry is divided into as many parties as there are men in it; all complain of his want of participation."

In another letter of the same month,

Lord Chatham, and no friend ever rises to take his part. Is it possible such a man can be friendless?" Thus, his cabinet in the confusion of Agramont's camp, his enemies loud, his friends silent, and his body tormented with disease, it is not to be wondered at if Lord Chatham would neither see nor speak to any body at Bath at the close of 1767. His situation was disastrous and desperate in the extreme. In the mean time General Conway had left the ministry, and Lord Weymouth was made Secretary in his place. Lord Hillsborough was made Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in consequence of several resignations, Chatham was obliged, as we have said, to make overtures to the Bedfords. His cup of disgust and disappointment was nearly full. Being compelled by his gout to stay at Hampstead on his way to London, he received while there a letter from His Majesty, who, either apprehensive of farther resignations, or anxious to impair the Earl's administration as much as possible, declared his intention of making more changes, and asked the advice and assistance of his Lordship. To this the stern old man sent a verbal message to say, that such was the state of his health, the King must not expect from him any farther aid or counsel in the matter.

All these things show what must have been the state of Chatham's mind on this occasion. He saw that in the cabinet and in a corrupt Parliament, he was obstructed and out-generalled by the Tories and partisans of the Court. There was little or no hope on that side; all his enemies, the gout included, had left him a baffled man, with an angry, impatient, but still unvanquished spirit. The cause of Whiggery and the Constitution was not to be given up. The Earl of Chatham had more weapons in his armory than even Horace Walpole had discovered. Wilkes in his "North Briton" had established a precedent, which would not be lost upon our able and exasperated poli-

Chatham was now resolved, as we are disposed to conclude, from the new ground of the public press, to continue the war of constitutional liberty and of his own ambition, (for the latter must form a prominent feature in any portraiture of this great man,) against the strength of the Crown and that

in a letter signed "Mnemon," "revived the doctrine of dispensing power, State necessity, arcana of government, and all that machinery of exploded prerogative that had cost our ancestors so much toil and treasure and blood to break to pieces." But the warfare was to be, like that of Palafox in a later day, "to the knife," waged with all the unleavened hatred of his disappointed heart; and he saw that to strike effectually, he must do so anonymously. He accordingly took his resolution, which, being so much at variance with the open controversy which is ever considered the most honorable, shows how deep must have been the bitterness of soul that set him on such a course. He began it in the beginning of 1767; and during the eight months in which Chesterfield says he was invisible to the world, he was directing with a heated brain the first assaults of his cunningly devised hostility. In January, 1768, Lord Chesterfield says: "Lord Chatham is at his repurchased house at Hayes, but sees no mortal. Some say he has a fit of the gout, which would probably do him good; but many think that his worst complaint is in his head, which I am afraid is too true." Chatham's was not the mind to grow inert in solitude, or

-" like a sword laid by, To eat into itself and rust ingloriously."

It was stung into fierce energy by every circumstance of political and bodily suffering in the midst of which he stood; and the thought must have been a gratifying one, that he could wreak his vengeance on his adversaries, even from his sick couch or arm-chair, just as he formerly did on the enemies of England. We must not omit to mention here a curious circumstance quoted by Dr. Waterhouse, which gives strength to what we consider a true hypothesis. In a work styled "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times,' published in London by the Rev. Dr. Brown in 1757, the following remarkable passages occur. The writer states it to be his opinion that nothing but the power of some great minister could avail to save the country; and then goes on to say: "There is another character in a lower walk of life, which might be no less strange than policy which, to quote the words of Junius | that which has been delineated; I mean the character of a political writer. He would choose an untrodden path of politics, where no party man ever dared to enter. The undisguised freedom and boldnes of his manner would please the brave, astonish the weak, and confound the guilty." It is highly probable that Pitt's character, in all its traits and propensities, was very well known to this reverend pamphleteer, who could thus, ten years before the political writer came, foretell his appearance.

Passing on, we come to the consideration Dr. Waterhouse shrunk from. Here, in the Miscellaneous Letters, we have the fiercehearted old statesman of '59 opening his masked battery, in revenge of all his defeats and disappointments, against the King of England, his policy, and his friends; and in the first place, as the matter touched him nearest and deepest in his disgusts, he turns his rage against the Cabinet of which he himself was a part! Very extraordinary this; but not more extraordinary than William Pitt himself. But what a perilous undertaking it was for the Lord Privy Seal to fall upon the King's Council with his crutch! The style of Chatham would be palpable to every eye, and then the exposure would follow, such as he himself said would procure his attaintment by bill, or kill him in three days. His first aspiration in these circumstances would be, (the reverse of Cowley's:)

"What shall I do to be for ever unknown?"

But he took his precautions with consummate subtlety and forethought. He kept himself secluded at Bath and Hayes, and let the report go abroad that he was in the lowest state of sickness and incapacity, tottering on crutches or touched in the head, thus warding off the suspicion that the vivacious and forcible letters of "Poplicola," "Veteran," and the rest, could come from But he did far more than this. "Poplicola" began the series of letters by a measured and high-sounding denunciation (conditionally conveyed, however) of Lord Chatham himself! Nothing was now to be said. After such feints as these, the acutest political critic could not mention the Minister's name in connection with this authorship. Lord Chatham, in spite of sentiment and style, was safe from public imputation and its consequences; and his power to continue his mighty strokes from behind a mask remained unimpeded and unquestioned.

To assail the Cabinet of England and all the measures of the Ministry, was a daring piece of strategy, and a dangerous for a Lord Privy Seal to perpetrate. Discovery would ruin the splenetic old assaulter-would certainly tarnish the laurels he had already gathered in a celebrated career. The risk was great indeed; not in the handwriting and the conveyancing, but in the style of the letters. He could no more change this to any purpose, than he could his mind or his face. Hence the last necessity for something which should neutralize his well-known manner; and hence his indirect but intelligible attack on Chatham. This attack is calculated to give the curious investigator It must seem strange that the scribe in the mask-a Whig and a man of popular principles-should begin his undertaking by abuse of the greatest Whig and most popular person in England, as if there was not a Tory of any sort to flesh his maiden sword upon! This falling foul of the grand and gouty old Earl has a very inconsistent and incredible appearance-is unaccountable, in fact, except under our hypothesis.

"Wo be to you," says Voltaire, "if you say on a subject all that can be said upon it!" We are less disposed to incur the wo thus denounced than merely to suggest the chief points in our view of this authorship. In considering the Miscellaneous Letters which assail Chatham, we see the first is conditional throughout, depending on an if. The vagueness of it, so unlike the bareness and particularity of the author's general style, seems to show some secret design. "Poplicola," in the first letter, 28th April, 1767, says: "But if, instead of a man of common mixed character, whose vices may be redeemed by some appearance of virtue and generosity, it should have unfortunately happened, that a nation had placed all their confidence in a man purely and perfectly bad, what security would the nation," &c. "As the absolute destruction of the Constitution would be his great object," &c. "He must also try how far the nation would bear to see the established laws suspended by proclamation, and upon such occasions he must not be without an apostate lawyer, weak enough to sacrifice his own character, and base enough to betray the laws of his country. But the master-piece of his treachery would be, if possble, to foment such discord between the mother country and her colonies, as may leave them both a prey to

his own dark machinations!" All this would pass for very good hostility; but is amusingly disproportioned to the truth of the matter, if not palpably groundless. It would only suit the rabid Tories and the secret purpose. During his whole career, the war-cry of Pit was, the Constitution; he fought for it on all occasions. The "suspension of the laws" was a proclamation issued by him and Camden, preventing the exportation of corn at a time of scarcity; and neither of them, in issuing it, attempted to defend its strict legality. Even Junius-Poplicola, in the second letter, admits it was a necessary act; but the treason which deserved the gibbet, as the Tarpeian Rock was not at hand, was, not admitting the unconstitutional nature of the business! This was "an outrage upon the common sense of mankind." He goes on to say, (and the praise of the Grenvilles, the brothers of his amanuensis, is remarkable in all Junius has written.) that George Grenville deserved high honor for confessing the illegality of the act which aimed at providing food for the people, while "the conduct of the Earl of Chatham and his miserable understrappers deserved nothing but detestation and contempt." The apostate lawyer of the foregoing was Lord Camden, the most constitutional jurist in England, a man of popular principles almost approaching republicanism, and the dear friend of Lord Chatham-one who would be consistently struck at by any foe or pretended foe of the latter. In the third letter the writer, signing himself "Anti-Sejanus," wonders why Chatham's spirit or understanding could ever permit him to take office under a pernicious court-minion, (but had he a control over the existing ministry?) whom he himself had affected to despise or detest. "We will not condemn him for the avarice of a pension, or the melancholy ambition of a title. They were objects which he perhaps looked up to, though the rest of the world thought them beneath his acceptance, (law-breaker, traitor, and Cataline as he was!) But to become a stalking-horse to a stallion—to shake hands with a Scotchman at the hazard of catching all his infamy; [the fierce earnestness of Junius breaks out now! no feigning here! to receive the word from him-Prerogative and a Thistle-by the once respected name of Pitt! it is even below contempt!" Among the tokens of close design apparent in these Letters, we men of England, as to and of those whom

may mention one, the slightness of which only seems to show that the writer thought nothing too trifling to help his plan. The first letter called forth a defense of Chatham, signed W. D.—William Draper—who afterwards crossed swords with Junius in the affair of the Marquis of Granby. But Poplicola paid so little attention to the defense of the Earl, it interested or concerned him so little, that in alluding to the writer in the next letter, he called him C. D .-Mr. C. D.; he did not know who the man was in fact. We think this cunning negligence worthy of observation. Junius seems to have taken care of the smallest accessories, as well as the most prominent appearances.

Having thus secured his line of march by these passing charges against Chatham, and by others, growing feebler as he got along, the unknown writer directed all his fierceness against his real objects—the King and his Ministers. The business of government had fallen by degrees into the hands of the King's friends. Chatham was still in the cabinet, but a mere cipher. At last, towards the close of 1768, the Privy Seal, in consequence of his absence, having been put in the hands of three inferior persons as commissioners, his Lordship flung it away in disgust. He sent it back by Lord Camden, instead of surrendering it with the etiquette practised on such occasions. This was three days before the 48th miscellaneous letter, in which he satirizes the cabinet, all round, passing over Chatham with: "Of the Earl of Chatham I had much to say; but it were inhuman to persecute, when Providence has marked out the example to mankind." How admirably this suggestion of the Earl's disease and imbecility saves abuse and serves the purpose of the concealed writer! His soul being thus liberated, as it were, he prepared, at the ripe age of sixty-one, for "the forlorn hope," and the more terible assault on his enemies which they should not soon forget, and the country would always remember.

We think it perfectly conclusive that Junius was a man of high station; the lien is recognized by his foot-prints. He seems to have played a predominating part on the stage of politics and statesmanship-to have a personal interest in all that the Letters refer to, such as could belong to no mere literary Swiss, writing in the pay of a patron or a party. He talks to and of the greatest he had met upon the level and confronted in the debates of the day. There is an air of sustained superiority about him which seems innate and instinctive; and his famous letter to the King shows him to have been one who was no stranger to the person and conversation of George the Third—one in whose presence royalty would feel or had felt itself impaired; in fine, aut diabolus aut Gulielmus Pitt.

In Almon's anecdotes of Lord Chatham will be found a vast number of passages occurring in his Lordship's speeches similar to others which we find in Junius. Lordship, in his great speech of January 9th, 1770, in the House of Lords, said: " I revere the prerogative of the Crown, and would contend for it as warmly as for the rights of the people. They are linked together and naturally support each other. I would not touch a feather of the preroga-The expression, perhaps, is too light; but since I have made use of it, let me add that the entire command and power of directing the local disposition of the army is the royal prerogative—the master-feather in the eagle's wing; and if I were permitted to carry the allusion a little farther, I should say they have disarmed the imperial bird the ministrum fulminis alitem. The army is the thunder of the Crown; the Ministry have tied up the hand which should direct the bolt.

Junius says: "Private credit is wealth; public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth."

Chatham (of the American disturbances).

They ought to be treated with tenderness, "for they were ebullitions of liberty which broke out upon the skin, and were a sign, if not of a perfect, at least a vigorous constitution, and must not be driven in too suddenly, lest they should strike to the heart."

JUNIUS.—No man regards an eruption on the surface when the noble parts are invaded, and he feels a mortification approaching the heart.

CHATHAM.—The Americans had purchased their liberty at a dear rate, since they had quitted their country and gone in search of freedom to a desert.

Junius says, "They left their native land in search of freedom, and found her in a desert." CHATHAM.—It was therefore the higher intent and duty of the peers to watch over and guard the people; for when the people had lost their rights, the peerage would soon become insignificant. Dr. Robertson, in his Life of Charles V., informs us that the peers of Castile were so far cajoled and seduced by him as to join him in overturning that part of the Cortes which represented the people.

Junius (on the same subject).—Without insisting on the extravagant concessions made to Henry VIII., there are instances in the history of other countries of a formal and deliberate surrender of public liberty into the hands of the sovereign.

CHATHAM.—Let us be cautious how we invade the liberties of our fellow-subjects. The man who has lost his own freedom becomes, from that moment, an instrument in the hands of an ambitious prince to destroy the freedom of others.

Junius.—We can never be in real danger until the forms of Parliament are made use of to destroy the substance of our civil and religious liberties—until Parliament itself betrays its trust by contributing to establish new principles of government, and employing the very weapons committed to it by the collective body to stab the Constitution.

Chatham.—It were better for the people to perish in a glorious contention for their rights, than to purchase a slavish tranquillity at the expense of a single iota of these rights.

JUNIUS (to the King).—I confess, sir, I should be content to renounce the form of the Constitution once more, if there were no other way to obtain substantial justice.

CHATHAM (of Mansfield).—No man is better acquainted with his abilities and learning than I am, nor has a greater respect for them than I have.

Junius (to the same).—When I acknowledge your talents, you may believe I am sincere. I feel for human nature when I see a man so gifted as you are descend to such vile practices.

CHATHAM (of the Commons, in Wilkes's case).—I affirm they have betrayed their constituents and violated the Constitution.

JUNIUS.—Let the people determine by their conduct at a future election whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the Constitution betrayed.

A crowd of other parallel passages, concerning Wilkes and the Parliament, may be

found by the curious.

CHATHAM.—If the English freeholders desert their own cause, they deserve to be slaves. My Lords, this is not the cold opinion of my understanding, but the glowing expression of what I feel. It is my heart that speaks; I know I speak warmly.

Junius.—The formality of a well-repeated lesson is widely different from the animated expression of the heart. Forgive this passionate language. I am unable to conceal it; it is the language of my heart.

CHATHAM (of Wilkes) .- In his person, though he were the worst of men, I contend for the safety and security of the best.

Junius.—But let Mr. Wilkes's character be what it may, this is at least certain, that circumstanced as he is, with regard to the public, even his vices plead for him.

Спатнам.—His Majesty will determine whether he will yield to the united petitions of the people of England, or maintain the House of Commons in the exercise of a legislative power which heretofore abolished the House of Lords and overturned the

monarchy.

Junius.—Though perhaps not with the same motive, they, the Parliament, have strictly followed the example of the Long Parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after, with little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birthright may rob an English King of his crown.

CHATHAM (in the speech of 22d January, on Lord Rockingham's motion).-Rather than the nation should surrender their birthright to a despotic Minister, he hoped, old as he was, to see the question brought to issue and fairly tried between the people

and the Government.

Junius.—Every measure of Government opens ample field for parliamentary disquisition. If this resource should fail, our next appeal must be made to Heaven.

CHATHAM.—Magna Charta, the Petition of Righte, the Bill of Rights, form that code which I call the Bible of the English Constitution.

JUNIUS.—The civil constitution too, that legal liberty, that general creed which every Englishman professes, may still be supported,

bridge should obstinately refuse to communicate; and even if the fathers of the Church, if Saville, Richmond, Camden, Rockingham and (set down the last!) Chatham should disagree in the ceremonies of their political worship, and even in the interpretation of twenty texts in Magna Charta.

CHATHAM.—The boroughs of the country have been properly enough called the rotten parts of the Constitution. Like the infirmities of the body, we must submit to carry them about with us. The limb is mortified: bnt the amputation might be death.

Junius.—As to cutting away the rotten boroughs, I am as much offended as any man at seeing so many of them under the direct influence of the Crown. honestly confess to you, that I am startled at the idea of so extensive an amputation,

These and a number of other parallel passages have been relied upon by Mr. Taylor to prove that Sir Philip Francis was the author of the Letters; because the latter reported the speeches of Chatham in the House of Lords. But, as Lord Coningsby said in 1715, when Sir Robert Walpole had accused Lord Bolingbroke of high treason-" the honorable gentleman accuses the scholar, I the master; he impeaches the hand, I the head,"-so we turn from the young stenographer to attack the mighty master of British statesmanship-from the cunning hand to the noble head. Nothing like Pitt's oratory can be found in England but the Letters of Junius. Both are very much attached to the plain, powerful idioms of the nation. Chatham had an unerring sense of the fine effect of a vernacular manner. Idiomatic phraseology is usually connected with those efforts of eloquence which are liked and remembered best; and the impassioned earnestness of William Pitt stood in need of the racy vulgate of Eng-Whenever his blood gets up, he speaks in the barest and plainest figures of common speech. It is the same with Junius, who loves the homeliness of phrase which carries a man's meaning soonest to a popular aim. That tendency to metaphors and resemblances, so common to both, shows a likeness which, we think, cannot be mistaken.

When Junius's Letters were first published, Lord Chatham was certainly suspected. Camden, Temple, and George Grenthough Wilkes, Horne, Townsend, Saw- ville knew the secret-perhaps Woodfall

did, also. It is impossible to think Burke did ! not suspect of whom he was speaking, when he thought an anonymous writer for the Public Advertiser worthy of an emblazonment in the House of Commons, such as is conveyed in the following very Irish mob of metaphors: "How came this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to rage uncontrolled, unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the Court have been long and are still pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you. No, they disdain such vermin when the mighty boar of the forest that has broken through all their toils is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays another down dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the King, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and there was an end to his triumphs. But while I expected in his daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. In short, after carrying our royal eagle in his pounces and dashing him against a rock, he laid you prostrate. King, Lords and Commons are but the sport of his fury." Horne Tooke also shows that he suspects who Junius is. He says: "The darkness in which Junius thinks himself shrouded has not concealed him. Because Lord Chatham has been ill-treated by the King and treacherously betrayed by the Duke of Grafton, the latter is the pillow on which Junius will rest his resentments, and the public are to oppose the measures of Government from mere motives of hostility to the sovereign!" This is almost laying his hand upon Chatham. It was in reply to it that Junius wrote the curious panegyric on Lord Chatham in his fifty-fourth letter. This eulogy has every appearance of a feint, and an uneasy desire to mislead those who came too near identifying him with the gouty old Earl. Like the first invective of Poplicola, this praise is conditional. He who was a black villain and deserved the gibbet, conditionally, is a man around whose monument recorded honors shall gather, conditionally! It will be safely concluded that the man who could write as Junius did in 1771 of Lord Chatham, could not be very sincere in his

denunciations of him in 1767; and that Junius was, at first, desirous of making a false impression for purposes of secresy and safety. Junius is singularly and suspiciously inconsistent as regards Chatham and Camden. This "apostate lawyer" (Pitt's lifelong friend, and the executor of his will) receives a cordial recognition of his greatness and goodness in Junius's last letter. The irreverent Wilkes seems to look with reverence upon the veiled eidolon. He says, in reply to a private letter from Junius in 1771: "I do not mean, sir, to indulge the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our times-the author of Junius. I will not attempt with profane hands to tear the veil from the sanctuary. I am disposed with the inhabitants of Attica to erect an altar to the unknown God o our political idolatry, and will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." In another letter he says: "After the first letter of Junius to me, I did not go to Woodfall to pry into a secret I had no right to know. The letter itself bore the stamp of Jove." As regards Woodfall, we see that he also approaches his correspondent with the profoundest respect. The sagacity of these men could not be completely baffled in a case like this; and we hold that, like the man betraying the stag to the hunters in Æsop, though they do not speak, they point truly in the direction of Junius.

Having considered the salient features of the likeness we perceive, we would mention a few apparent objections against it. It is thought Junius must have been somebody in the War Office, because his knowledge of military men and matters is so remarkably minute. But Chatham, who during his own ministry disposed of armaments like figures on a chess-board, and organized victory from his arm-chair, (while Carnot was yet in his first petticoats,) knew the business of the War Office almost as well as the best clerk in it, and could easily learn the current history of it from Francis and others who were bound to him for favors conferred. Junius's assaults on Lord Hillsborough were provoked by the dismissal of Chatham's friend, General Amherst, from his government of Virginia, to give it to Lord Botetourt. Those on Lord Barrington, Secretary of War, are accounted for principally by the fact that Legge, Pitt's Chancellor of the Exchequer, was turned out to make room for him, on

the accession of George the Third. The general military policy of government, which had counteracted his own and displaced many of his friends, would naturally urge Pitt to denounce the mistakes and abuses of the War Department.

Again, the idea of Lord Chatham seems, at first glance, at variance with Junius's interest in the politics and civic doings of the metropolis. But that is a mistake. Whiggery and William Pitt could always boast a strong fortress and defense in London; the citizens of which held the latter in high honor, and gave him several tokens of itone of these being a bridge dedicated to his name and glory, in a document that lies in copperplate at the bottom of the Thames, under what was intended to be Pitt's Bridge. and is now Blackfriar's. And it must be remembered, that to the remonstrance of the city of London, backed by Wilkes, Tooke, Sawbridge and the rest, Chatham looked with solicitude for aid in overthrowing the Tory Ministry in 1770, and reinstating Whiggism in triumph. The disappointment of Junius at the failure of this and other schemes is irritably expressed in his last note to Woodfall.

It has been said that Chatham and Junius differed with respect to the treatment of the American colonists. But it is plain they only seemed to differ as much as was necessary to keep up the deception and to carry out the desire of Junius, so palpable in all his letters, to be taken for Grenvilleto lead the curiosity of the world in the direction of the Grenvilles. Junius, in the first letter, Poplicola's, denounced Chatham for encouraging the recusant Americans; yet afterwards he admits (in the first of the Junius series) that the question of taxation had been revived, which should have been "buried in oblivion." And again in 1771, he says he considers the right of taxing the colonies by an act of the British Legislature, a speculative right merely, " never to be exerted, and never to be renounced." These opinions of Junius seem vacillating or insincere, seeing he had denounced Chatham for something similar. Chatham, too, seemed to hold undecided opinions on the matter. He was at first disposed, with George Grenville, to tax the Americans, if they would quietly permit it. As they would not, he opposed taxation. He next "rejoiced that America had resisted;" and ultimately

breathed his last in an effort to hinder the independence of the colonies. An average of Chatham's and Junius's American opinions, respectively, reads alike; showing that the early invectives of the latter on this subject, directed against the Earl, are palpably hollow.

We have already spoken of Chatham's hatred of Bedford. He hated Grafton for his desertion and ingratitude. The Duke had been a worshipper of the Earl, under whom he said he would serve in any capacity;

"Been his sworn soldier, bidding him depend Upon his stars, his fortune, and his strength;"

but, in 1767, had fallen over to Bute and the court foes of the name of Pitt. "If the Duke of Grafton," says Mr. Heron, "had remained faithful to the Earl of Chatham, and scorned all political alliance with the Bedfords as with the King's friends, the union of Pitt and Grenville, the Newcastle and Rockingham Whigs, would have been triumphant, and the King would have surrendered the government to them on their own conditions." Grafton's defection was a grievous disaster; and grievously did Junius avenge it. Chatham's dislike of the King is very intelligible. George entertained a hereditary aversion from William Pitt. The latter, in effect, said in the House of Lords in 1770, that the King had duped him; whereupon Grafton started up with, "I rise to defend the King!" Wilkes, who suspected to whom he wrote, tells Junius in one of his letters, "The Earl of Chatham told me ten years ago, that [the King] was the falsest hypocrite in Europe." The haughty Earl had sufficient motive to hold in scorn the ignorance, bigotry, and hypocrisy of George the Third; and Junius has interpreted the feeling in a personal manner, which is not to be mistaken. Chatham detested Mansfield as the most subtle, constant, and powerful of his Tory opponents. The estate which Sir W. Pynsent left to William Pitt was litigated, and Lord Mansfield favored the claims of the Pynsent family, against the great Commoner. And such a circumstance as this would naturally embitter the hostility felt by the Earl towards Mansfield, on account of their great political differences.

As regards the conveyancing part of this mystery, Lord Chatham's wealth gave him ample means to insure the safe transit of

the correspondence with Woodfall. Money conquers the mightiest difficulties. Furthermore, and accounting almost conclusively for the successful concealment of this extraordinary business, he had amanuenses, at least an amanuensis, in his own household. His wife was sister of Richard, Earl Temple, and George Grenville, a woman of talent and accomplishments. The Rev. Mr. Thackeray, biographer of Lord Chatham, says: "She possessed a very powerful understanding, combined with great feminine delicacy. The ease and spirit with which her ladyship wrote, rendered her letters very delightful to her friends, and enabled her to assist Lord Chatham during his attendance in Parliament or his attacks of the gout, in answering many of his correspondents." Chatham's sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, a spinster, was just such a woman as her brother was a man. Bolingbroke used to call her Divinity Pitt, naming her brother Sublimity Pitt; and Horace Walpole said she and William were as much alike "as two drops of fire." With such an amanuensis as his wife, and perhaps, occasionally, his sister, the writing, copying, and transmitting his letters would not be the difficult matter which a man differently situated would have found it. And we perceive how the chances of discovery would be excluded by such means. Lady Chatham's feigned hand may well baffle the critical sagacity of all who tried to trace it home. All they could make out was that the writing was like the hand used by ladies at the beginning of the century, with one exception. The letter to the King seemed to have been traced heavily with a pen over pencilled letters. Wilkes said Junius's usual hand resembled that of Lady Chatham's mother, which he had seen. While the character and abilities of his wife enabled Junius to say, with something near enough perhaps to the truth, under the circumstances, "I am the sole depository of my secret," the accuracy and minuteness of his information of the doings at the palace would cease to be surprising, seeing that Mrs. Anne Pitt was Privy Purse to the King's mother, and as much the centre of English court gossip as Madame Dudevant was of the French. The assurance to Woodfall in 1771 that the Princess Dowager was in the habit of "suckling toads from morning till night" for the cure of a cancer in the breast; that "our

gracious sovereign is as callous as a stockfish to every thing but the reproach of cowardice; this alone is able to set the humors afloat, and after a paper of that kind he won't eat meat for a week;" that the King used to live on potatoes only for several days; the statement that the Duke of Bedford had rated him in the closet and "left him in convulsions;" the quick notice taken of Garrick's communication to Mr. Ramus, at Richmondpalace, (Peter Pindar's "Billy Ramus,") that Junius would write no more; all these things are naturally accounted for by the residence of Mrs. Anne Pitt in the heart of the royal household. Apropos of David Garrick, the bitter letter which Junius wrote to him shows how much the concealed writer feared his prying inquiries. Chatham would greatly dread the curiosity of this eminent player, seeing that the latter was once on very intimate terms with himself and his family, and would be very likely to make a shrewd guess at the handwriting. He might have recognized Lady Chatham's: he certainly knew his Lordship's; for, several years previously, when Garrick was on a visit to Mount Edgecombe, overlooking Plymouth harbor and the sea, William Pitt wrote to him an invitation to his own place, in some verses which may read curiously in the present connection:

"Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay, Docks, forts and navies, brightening all the bay; To my plain roof repair, primeval seat; Yet there no wonder thy quick eye can meet, Save should you deem it wonderful to find Ambition cured and an unpassioned mind. A statesman without power and without gall, Hating no courtiers, happier than them all; Bowed to no yoke, nor crouching for applause, Votary alone of freedom and the laws.

Come, then, immortal spirit of the stage, Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age," &c.

Very different all this from "Now, mark me, vagabond!" But this quotation exhibits the versatility of Pitt's pen. If he had not been a great statesman, he would have been a great literary man.

To return to Junius's court information. What an idea does it not give of the amazing audacity which we assume to have been Chatham's, in laying about him so desperately on the highest people in the realm, with whom he and his family were in the habit of mingling in the daily intercourse of society! He might very well say: " I should not survive a discovery three days." Junius in the Cabinet! and Junius, by proxy, in the Palace! The idea certainly carries a fascination along with it; and we do not wonder the veiled assaulter of King, Lords and Commons should employ every effort of power and ingenuity to carry his secret to the gave with him. None but a man in the predicament of Chatham would have taken such a world of pains to remain hidden. To a secretary or any other hireling, what would discovery signify? What would it signify to Sir Philip Francis? Celebrity; an imperishable name. To Chatham it signified odium which would weigh down the honor or prosperity of his house; deprive his family of their pension; hinder the fortunes of the future Prime Minister—the future Commander-in-Chief; tarnish the dignity of his fame with the unworthy stains of truculent passion. As for the renown-he could do without it; his column was high enough already. What would build up an enduring name for any other man, Chatham flung by. No small man would ever have done this. The pride of assuming such an authorship must have been balanced by powerful considerations, such as we assert could belong to none but a man of lofty mark and likelihood.

As for Sir Philip Francis, the idea that considerations of the kind could belong to him is absurd. He did his best to look like Junius, we are convinced. We perceive this pretension in a hundred passages and traces. his paper on the Regency published in 1811, he employs the words spoken by Chatham (in a speech of 1770) as an epigraph: "There is one ambition at least which I will not renounce, but with my life. It is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have derived from my ancestors." Sir Philip then says: " After the noble speaker of these words, no man has so good a right to make use of them as I have." He wishes to make the world think that when he reported Chatham's speech, he made him a present of some of the sentiments—which is also found in Junius. The mere reporting the speech could scarcely give him any right to it. In another place he says Chatham made a certain assertion, or, "it is recorded for him." A wish to confound himself with Junius is palpable in Sir Philip. His imitations of Junius's phrases or his plagiatisms are very and encouraged them; so that Chatham

striking in a multitude of passages from his pamphlets and speeches. It is not worth while to dwell on these; no amount of them could ever make Francis the real Nominis There is another view of Sir Umbra. Philip's feeble likenesses which strikes us. Even putting any design on his part out of the question, it may not be improbable that the peculiar shape of his sentences, the tone of his sentiments, and the character of his figures are owing to a bona fide sympathy with Junius, whose identity we believe he suspected, if he did not know it. Francis seems to have formed his style on that of him whose Latin secretary he was, who, he says, fascinated his young enthusiasm by his imposing qualities, and to whom he professed himself under an endless weight of gratitude. And, indeed, perhaps Sir Philip, seeing the wish of Lord Chatham to remain for ever unknown, may have thought he could show that gratitude in no better way than by helping a deception which should bring suspicion to his own door, and away from the right one! We sometimes think there may have been some understanding, by which the young man, for some powerful considerations of emolument, as well as friendship, was bound to discourage the truth by every means in his power. However this may be, we find that Sir Philip's resemblances to Junius cannot be admitted as any valid proof. A few facts as unshakable as pyramids settle that question.

Mr. Wade, in the edition of Junius referred to in the beginning of this article, takes up Taylor's hypothesis and attempts to corroborate it. He argues for Sir Philip through a series of what must be considered very lame and impotent conclusions. But one thing is very remarkable both in Taylor's and Wade's views of the case: they bring Chatham into the foreground; they cannot get on without him-a fact full of sugges-The grave and gouty figure is always " to the fore." Mr. Taylor believes Junius reported Chatham's speeches, and Mr. Wade believes Junius received most of his Parliament, Court, and Club news from Lord Chatham, also from Lord Holland. He also thinks that Lord Chatham only became intimate with this terrible young man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight after his letters had made him popularly known; but that thereafter his Lordship contributed to them

must be considered as only a piece of Junius! With reference to his Lordship's speeches, known to be reported by Francis in 1770, Mr. Wade says: "It is not improbable that Francis composed these speeches for Lord Chatham: he certainly composed many of his Lordship's speeches!" Our readers are beginning now to understand the value of Mr. Wade's disquisition to the new edition of Junius. He states, in support of his assertion, that, in a copy of Belsham's History of Great Britain which belonged to Sir Philip Francis, he (Sir Philip) had made the following manuscript note: "I wrote this speech for Lord Mansfield, as well as all those of Lord Chatham on the Middlesex Election." Surely the word wrote means reported. To show that Francis could employ himself in making speeches for Lord Mansfield is not the happiest mode of proving Sir Philip to have been Junius. Mr. Wade supposes that Junius, as Lord Chatham's auxiliary, tried along with him to pull down the Grafton Ministry; and he adopts a very clumsy explanation to account for the coincidences between Chatham and Junius. He says Mr. Calcraft, the army agent, usually sent information of all sorts from London to Lord Chatham at Hayes; and he tries to show by very desperate inference, that young Francis the auxiliary communicated with Calcraft, and, through him, with Chatham. It would have been much easier for the young man to go to Hayes in a post-chaise and do his business directly! Mr. Wade quotes Justice Hardinge to show that Junius mentioned a matter known only to Chatham, Temple and Camden, and concludes it was Temple, as it could not be any body else, who betrayed the matter to the pages of Junius. A letter of the widowed Lady Francis to Lord Campbell is also quoted, in which she makes some very rambling and contradictory statements, saying in the first place, that Sir Philip never said he was Junius, and yet going on to state, (as if the thing was an admitted matter of course,) that in his (Francis's) controversy with Sir William Draper, "a new and powerful ally came to his assistance," meaning by the latter, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham! Whatever may be thought of Mr. Wade and his witnesses, it is plain Lord Chatham stands very much in the midst of them; his great shadow is always crossing the net-work of their hypotheses and expla-

nations. Lady Francis is sure her husband was Junius, because he gave her, on her marriage, a copy of Junius's Letters, and was always interested in every thing that concerned them.

Mr. Wade admits, not being able to help it, that the object of Junius was the replacing of Chatham at the head of the government; and that the mighty juvenile ceased his letters because the cause was "given up," and Lord North came into power. He also argues that Francis was known to be Junius by the King, Lord North, and the government! who gave him a place in India worth ten thousand a year, to be rid of him. But he says Francis had no understanding with the Court that he should be silent in return for the place. No; he took it like a virtuous Roman, as his due, for other considerations. Now it must strike every body as very curious that Francis never thought of telling his wife what he communicated to the King, Lord North, and the government. Poor Lady Francis would give any thing to be able to state the fact, yet she cannot say, and she says all she can, that her husband ever confided the secret in any way to her. Mr. Wade's elucidation of Junius is wonderfully unique. With reference to the pretension urged for Chatham, he says decisively, that this nobleman, "though most effective in oratory, was careless in literary composition, inexact, loose and repetitionary." It is well known that all great orators have been, and are, in the habit of writing their speeches, or the salient and telling points of them, before speaking them. It is also known that at college Pitt was in the habit of translating the orations of Thucydides and Cicero, with the most sedulous attention. Besides this, the general truth lies the other way. A man's written compositions are usually closer and more correct than his spoken eloquence. Pitt always thought earnestly and forcibly, and his speeches are well-knit and full of close argument. Such a man could not write inexactly and loosely.

Mr. Wade speaks much of the Chatham correspondence recently published by the grandsons of the great Earl. It is by means of this correspondence that the attempt is made to connect young Francis, or Junius, with Chatham, by means of Calcraft. The family of Chatham would dread nothing so much as the id n'ification of the true lent

Junius with their founder, their decus et tuta-! men. They would do every thing to hinder This correspondence contains two letters purporting to be from Junius to Chatham! But they are eminently suspicious, if not forgeries; just such things as Chatham himself, or his descendants, planning an eternal concealment, would provide. They weigh less than a feather, such as they are, against the massive proofs that lie in the other scale. To explain the fact that Francis, who, he asserts, loved and respected Chatham, abuses the Earl under the signatures "Poplicola," "Anti-Sejanus," &c., in the first series of the Letters, Mr. Wade courageously abolishes as many as tell against him; he calls them spurious, with the decision of Alexander cutting the Gordian difficulty. All Mr. Wade's arguments have only the effect of bringing Chatham more suggestively forward. Unable to ignore the palpable likeness between Junius and Chatham, he still argues for Sir Philip, saying that the Earl had given him (Sir Philip) the first impression of greatness by his noble eloquence and the lofty independence of his character. He stoutly contends that this undeniable similarity was filtered through young Francis into Junius; he does not believe in a direct transmission. He admits that Francis shows himself inferior to Junius in every thing but the Letters. He says, "With the fire of a Chatham in his bosom to electrify the senate, and with the acumen, knowledge of human nature, and mastery of language of a Hume, a Robertson, and a Gibbon, to adorn and invigorate history, Sir Philip Francis was destined to leave, as his avowed productions, only a pile of well-nigh forgotten speeches, protests, pamphlets, manuscript notes on book-margins, and fugitive verses." But he gets over this obstacle; he swallows the chokepear thus: "I reply that Francis was unquestionably a person of precocious gifts." He flowered too soon; he faded prematurely, harassed and worn out by the stern duties of his lucrative place in India! Jam satis est. We shall not follow Mr. Wade any longer.

We hold up our hands and bless critical Wade; but we cannot put the slightest faith in his conclusions. He has left Francis as he was, a young man of twenty-seven, when Poplicola's powerful letter, breathing of the rnatured and masterly Junius in every sentence, opened the five years' war against the Dr. Waterhouse, our countryman, was the

Tories, with that sounding, simulated assault upon the Earl of Chatham.

There seems to be but two competitors now left upon this stage, Sir Philip Francis and the Earl of Chatham; and posterity will have to make its decision between the young clerk in the War Office, and the Titan of English statesmanship and politics. Those who object against Lord Chatham for Junius's appearance of early hostility toward that nobleman, must be incapable of understanding how a mind fertile in resources could carry on such a deception. They allow Junius wonderful powers of many sorts; but they do not allow him the power of managing his mystery. Whereas, Chatham, like Ulysses, had a subtle, close-contriving intellect; and the ability of Junius is as plainly seen in the strategy which has left the world so long in the dark, as in the literary merit of the Letters themselves. All minor ob jections must go for nothing in this question; such as that he did not know George Grenville, &c. It is too great a fault with those looking for Junius to accept implicitly what that shrewd masquer says. That is a stupid mode of coping with any one so cunning of fence. A man once ran, with his neighbors, to drag the river for his drowned wife; they searched down along the stream. but he who knew the dear departed better, went to look for her the other way, against it, and found her, they say, in a strong eddy. In the same manner, if we would come at Junius, we must go against the drift of many of his sayings and sentiments.

We think there appears on the face of this controversy an evident reluctance of English writers to recognize Junius in Lord Chatham. Woodfall, who certainly suspected the truth, if he did not know it, seems willing to lead us away from the Earl. Robert Heron in 1801 set the curious to run after Dunning. Taylor and Wade, though the stern apparition of Chatham stands in their path, turn aside to young Francis. In the Chatham correspondence any recognition of the Earl is discountenanced, which perhaps is only natural to expect from his grandsons. The general idea of Lord Chatham, a name synonymous with every thing great and venerable, would naturally be opposed to the belief that he was Junius; and it is difficult to argue away those convictions that come without any argument at all.

first who put forward Lord Chatham in a him. These, in our opinion, are not equivoproper manner. Mr. Swinden, in England, rather offered a mild suggestion than stated what he believed to be a truth, and others also had their suspicions. But a Yankee was the first to "speak out loud and bold," like a staunch beagle who finds himself upon a strong scent.

The writer of Junius went to the grave, hoping and believing he should never be discovered; and his family, for the strongest reasons, have obliterated, and will do all in their power to obliterate, every trace which could bring that charge home to him. There are certainly no letters, nor any other if the evidences of these will not discover

cal. They point to Lord Chatham, the only man who could write Junius's Letters - the only man who had the motives to write them. The solid weight of proof is all on his side; the quillets and quiddities of special pleading, some of them imposing enough, belong to Francis and the rest. It now remains to be seen whether the real Nominis Umbra can be thought able to appropriate the boast of Isis, in the temple at Sais, that no mortal had lifted her veil. But the semirecognized truth seems to be, that the portrait of Junius, done by an American artist, is to be seen, full in the middle of a great token left to indicate him, save the printed historic painting, now hanging upon the epistles. He will remain a mystery for ever, walls of the British House of Lords. w. p.

Chelsea, Mass.

JUNE.

Tom Carlyle, in some Anglico-Teutonic Book, says the gift for which most often he longs Is one to make him dumb or most laconic, Called (Gallicè) un talent pour le silence. Mere twaddle, Tom; when Nature now has tricked her Fair form in flowers, the thoughts are out of tune, Which, moping over Mirabeau or Richter, Are silent in this merry month of June.

The birds refute you: every feathered chorister Is singing to the world a gay Evangel, And showing us all Nature, with new fire astir, Since God sent down his joyous Summer Angel: The flow'rs have truths too deep for a Philosopher Whose Wisdomship will neither dance nor sing, Nor learn the laughing mood in which to cross over The bridge which joins the Summer to the Spring.

Ye Canters of the cant of Kant and Fichte, all Grim Teufeldröcksh, go listen to that stream: Does not its voice of blasphemy convict ye all-The voice of Seraphs singing in a dream ! Open your Schiller, Tieck, Wieland, Göthe, men, And read in them the lesson of the Spring: Your mystic Sumphs may prate of silence, but the men Of Poet hearts prefer to laugh and sing.

Sing then, my friends, to welcome home the June comer, The month of glowing days and starry nights; Enjoy its early hours of bliss, for soon Summer Will parch the current of its fresh delights; Sing then; and leave unseen the grim knicknackery Of German systems and prosaic rules; Yes, talk and laugh and quaff, and shun the quackery Which only suits the Winter-hours of fools. J. B.

PHILOSOPHICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The study of even inexplicable problems is by no means altogether useless, if they exert the effect of sharpening the critical faculties. The reasoning employed is generally inconclusive; the evidence is apt to be unsatisfactory or insufficient; yet the powers of the mind are braced by the exercise of ingenuity, of patient thought, of careful analysis. Mental activity, the habit of cautious investigation, self-knowledge, and candor, ought to result from these pursuits.

It is well to ascertain the fruits of human inquiry, to know the unknowable, to speak after the German fashion, or as Locke has happily stated this position: "When we know our own strength, we shall the better know what to undertake with hopes of success; and when we shall have well surveyed the powers of our own minds, and made some estimate what we may expect from them, we shall not be inclined either to sit still and not set our thoughts on work at all, in despair of knowing any thing, or on the other side question and disclaim all knowledge, because some things are not to be understood. It is of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom all the depths of the ocean."

On some of the most important of these topics, (considered as speculative dogmas,) the proper state of mind appears to be that of philosophic doubt. Indifference promotes clearness; a clear thinker can distinctly express his doubts; liberal views beget a tolerant temper in others, and imply the possession of it in the theorist.

Beattie, himself a writer on these subjects and a Professor of Moral Philosophy, expressly admits, "All the practical, and most of the speculative parts of moral science have been frequently and fully explained by the ablest authors." In any thirty or forty volumes of ethical discussion, you will find here a new term, there a novel illustration; for the most part, a constant recurrence to admitted principles and facts, varied in

The study of even inexplicable problems their applications to life and conduct to be by no means altogether useless, if they exert sure, but essentially the same.

Two or three of the ablest works of this class, with an accurate and succinct historical survey of the doctrines and characters of the leading philosophers, will be of more real service to the honest student than a small library read and collated after the old fashions. Most of these works, as Bacon advises, may be merely "tasted," (read in part or hastily,) others by deputy, (in reviews, commentaries, critical dictionaries,) and a very few thoroughly studied—the master minds, as infrequent here as in every department.

Of the great mass of ethical and metaphysical writers, the style is extremely poor, mean, bald, and tedious. They seek to be so distinct, and are so copious, as to become tiresome, and that too in the discussion of conceded truths. They reverse the self-censure of Horace on his concise obscurity, and overwhelm a few commonplace ideas in a copia verborum. But this waste of the syllogism is as great an error as a matter of taste as the most verbose declamation. Diffuse logic is even worse than diffuse rhetoric, as well as inimical to the very spirit of reasoning. Rhetoric admits copiousness; logic is close; beauty is strength here, as well the essence of wisdom as of wit.

After the piles of controversial tracts, sermons, and philosophical treatises on the subjects of liberty, freedom of the will, moral necessity, &c., the sum of the matter, it appears, may be thus briefly stated. Moral necessity appears to be a fair legical inference from the premises, but freedom is safest to assume as a ground of practice; as a question, it is still open to the metaphysicians.

Philosophical necessity, practical freedom—to reconcile History and Providence, freedom of the will and the foreknowledge of Omniscience, (wholly a mystery,)—is logically impossible.

Systems are invariably one-sided and ex-

clusive, exhibiting in general but a partial view of any question, and upon which an immoderate emphasis is laid. Truth lies between the extremes of opposite theories. Thus, men are both self-lovers and benevolent, selfishness and disinterestedness being both of them original instincts. It is untrue to predicate of either of these principles, that they alone govern society. The dignity of human nature is to be cherished, while we must confess that imperfection is germain to the constitution of man. We should endeavor to preserve what is good in human nature, endeavoring at the same time to elevate and purify it.

Extreme characters are unfair illustrations of any doctrine, as much so as any extravagant doctrine is of sound philosophy itself. A mere politician is no proper specimen of human nature, any more than a mere talk-

ing philanthropist.

In a letter of Archbishop Herring, (the only Archbishop we can at present remember, who was at the same time a pleasant and elegant prose writer,) to his friend Mrs. Duncombe, occurs the following admirable sentiment, and the justest criticism on the rational school of morality, i. e., that which based the foundations of morality on reason, and at the head of which stood Dr. Samuel Clarke: "The reasonableness of virtue is its true foundation, and the Creator has formed our minds to such a quick perception of it, that it is in almost every occurrence of human life self-evident; but then I am for taking in every possible help to strengthen and support virtue, beauty, moral sense, affection, and even interest; and it seems to me as if the Creator had adapted various arguments to secure the practice of it to the various tempers of men, and the different solicitations which they meet with. And virtue thus secured and guarded may perhaps not unfitly be compared to those buildings of a Gothic taste, which, though they have a good foundation, are furnished, nevertheless, (against all accidents,) with many outward supports or buttresses, but so contrived and adjusted by the architect, that they do not detract from, but even add to the beauty and grandeur of the building."

The philosophical claims and literary character of Lord Shaftesbury, so impartially stated in the analytical review of Sir James VOL. VIII. NO. I. NEW SERIES.

Mackintosh, have been pretty closely scrutinized by former critics: both poets, Beattie and Grav. In Forbes's Life of Beattie we read this criticism: "Plato was one of the first who introduced the fashion of giving us fine words instead of good sense; in this, as in his other faults, he has been successfully imitated by Lord Shaftesbury." writes with equal severity: "You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue. I will tell you: first, he was a Lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will not believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads nowhere; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead Lord ranks with commoners; vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for a new road has become an old one."

If after such men we may presume to add our opinion, it is perfectly in harmony with theirs. The works of Lord Shaftsbury appear to us a refectory of ethical topics, in which too many points and questions are comprehended under single heads, by no means sufficiently distinct and separate, full of commonplace, dressed up affectedly in stale metaphors and the cast-off imagery of the Platonists. He is absurdly verbose and magniloquent. His egotism is awkward, his circumlocutions clumsy, his pleasantry pompous. His style is in general heavy and languid, the style of a nobleman turned metaphysician. He is truly a philosophical petit maître, infected with the vilest pedantry and the French taste in criticism current in his day.

Gray's character of Aristotle appears to us even more just and better written than his portrait of Shaftesbury. As we have given Beattie's opinion of Plato, we may subjoin the following: "For my part, I read Aristotle, his poetics, politics, and morals, though I do not well know which is which. In the first place, he is the hardest author, by far, I ever meddled with. Then he has a dry conciseness that makes one imagine one is perusing a table of contents rather than a book; it tastes for all the world like chopped hay, or rather like chopped logic; for he has a violent affection to that art, being in some sense his own invention; so that he often loses himself in little trifling distinctions and verbal niceties; and what is worse, leaves you to extricate him as well as you can. Thirdly, he has suffered vastly from the transcribers, as all authors of great brevity necessarily must. Fourthly, and lastly, he has abundance of fine uncommon things, which make him well worth the pains he gives one."

We know Aristotle wholly from translation, to be sure, and hence cannot judge of him as of an English author; but we believe all of Gray's critique, save the last clause, which must overrate him. He is crabbed and unreadable to a wonderful degree, analytical to excess, harsh to austerity and baldness. As a mere writer, though he may be, at times, profoundly suggestive, yet the matter of his works may be far better studied in modern authors, who are greater masters of As a moralist and metaphysician, much of him may be in Hobbes and Locke, yet they are far more able in developing the thought. In rhetoric and æsthetical criticism a score of writers, Greek, Roman, English, and German, may be mentioned vastly superior. In the philosophy of politics, France, England, and the United States have produced disciples that have transcended their master's skill; and in natural history, France, Germany, England, and America, during the last fifty years have accumulated a mass of scientific information, probably far beyond all the resources of antiquity in the same department.

Speaking of the medium of translation, we offer the dictum of high authority on this subject—Dugald Stewart: "A very imperfect one, undoubtedly, where a judgment is to be passed on compositions addressed to the powers of imagination and taste; yet fully sufficient to enable us to form an estimate of works which treat of science and philosophy. On such subjects it may be safely concluded, that whatever is unfit to stand the test of a literal version, is not worth the trouble of being studied in the original."

In a single tract of Hobbes, of some ninety duodecimo pages, occur some of the most suggestive passages in modern philosophical treatises. We find here the original of many

famous theories and systems, the authors of which avoid, as far as possible, any mention of Hobbes, unless to abuse him, so obnoxious is his name, and so much has his reputation suffered at the hands not of critics only, but of theological and political partisans. This tract was a favorite with Addison, and is highly praised by Dugald Stewart and Mackintosh; contains the very marrow of Hobbes' philosophy, as Hazlitt has clearly shown in his admirable Essay on the Writings of Hobbes. The life of Hobbes has been written by the antiquarian Aubrey. The English Aristotle was, at one time, secretary to Lord Bacon, and the philosophical idol of Cowley, who has penned a noble ode to his memory. Locke owes an immense debt to him; but so feeble is Fame, the latter philosopher is regarded as at the head of English metaphysics, while the earlier, his master, and an original thinker, as well as a masterly writer, is classed with atheists, paradoxical sophists, and sensualist worldlings. Errors, and grievous ones, are to be found in Hobbes, and of which we shall attempt no defense; still there is much truth, penetration into human motives and characters, force of style, independence and manliness in his Treatise of Human Nature—a body of philosophy in itself. At present we intend merely noting some remarkable coincidences of thought and expression between the elder writer and the others, generally his successors, though in some instances almost contemporaries.

"The consequences of our actions," says Hobbes, "are our counsellors by alternate succession in the mind."

In a noble, serious poem by Beaumont or Fletcher, the brother dramatists, we read:

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, The constant shadows that walk by us still."

"In dreams," Hobbes finely suggests, "our thoughts appear like the stars between the flying clouds." Locke, in Book II. Chap. X, of his Essay, has hit upon a similar illustration. Speaking of the facility with which in most minds ideas fade in the memory, he concludes: "In all these cases, ideas in the mind quickly fade, and often vanish quite out of the understanding, leaving no more footsteps or remaining characters of themselves than shadows do flying over fields of corn."

suggestive passages in modern philosophical Hobbes has anticipated Gall and Spurztreatises. We find here the original of many heim, where he writes, Chap. XI. of the

of all the senses." Truly, the new thoughts come out of the old books, or as Dan Chaucer has declared:

" Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe, Cometh all this newe corne, fro yere to yere:

And out of the olde bookes, in good faithe, Cometh all this newe science that men lere."

Rochefoucault's definition of Pity is almost identical with that given by Hobbes, who styles it, "Imagination, or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity."

After making, as we thought, quite a discovery, we found Hazlitt had, long before, pointed out the whole thing. So most of the new revelations of modern criticism are merely "new-found old inventions," according to Butler. Chap. II. is an Essay on Idealism, a Berkleian speculation. Now, Hobbes died in 1679, Berkeley was born in 1684, and it is fair to infer the later phigive for all it can do."

Treatise, "The Brain, the common organ losopher borrowed from his predecessor. The sum of the doctrine is contained in the tenth and last paragraph: "And from hence, also, it followeth, that whatsoever accidents or qualities our senses make us think there be in the world, they be not there, but are seeming apparitions only; the things that are really in the world without us, are those motives by which these seemings are caused. And this is the great deception of sense, which also is to be by sense corrected: for, as sense telleth me when I see directly, that the color seemeth to be in the object; so, also, sense telleth me when I see by reflection, that color is not in the object."

We will conclude this discursive paper by quoting a common saying, that has passed into a proverb: "The worth of a thing is what it 'll bring," neatly framed into one of the most telling couplets of Hudibras. In Hobbes, we find it thus expressed: "So much worth is every thing, as a man will

NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI.*

From the days of Herodotus to those of the Howadji, every thing that related to the East, the country that the latter terms peculiarly the property of the imagination, has been seized upon and read with eagerness and avidity. Such an interest has always attached to the subject itself, that we have felt disposed to be more lenient with books that purported to be a record of Oriental travel, than with the continental tours with which we have been inundated for many years. But several works upon the East have been published of late, by writers who, adhering to the good old catholic doctrine of Dr. Blair, "that all that can be required of language is to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and at the same time in such a dress, as by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions we endeavor to make," wrote with gracefulness and ease, with manliness and vigor, disdained all affectations,

glish language. We are of honest Dogberry's opinion, that "comparisons are odorous," but must say, that of the books we have referred to, we think Eöthen stands at the head. Those happy combinations of a fascinating subject and a fascinating style, have rendered us more fastidious than formerly with all Eastern travellers who turn authors; and we are now as much disposed to apply a severe test of criticism to descriptions of Thebes and Cairo, and sentimental lucubrations beside the pyramids or under the palms, as to any scenes in Italy, or ramblings on the Continent. The charm of the East, since we have seen the subject so skilfully and admirably treated, is no longer sufficient to compensate for blemishes of taste or diction, in the notes of the traveller. We ventured upon the perusal of the book, whose title stands at the head of this article, with expectations founded upon the excessive laudations of it that we saw in many and were above playing tricks with the En- of the daily journals, and regret to state

by a person of so much genius, against which we had charges to make of a more serious nature. We have marked for reprehension in our copy of "Nile Notes" many inelegancies of expression, passages of false and twaddling sentiment, and violations of the rules of syntax and of good taste; all faults of great magnitude, and which we shall notice more particularly hereafter. But to our mind, the cardinal fault of the book, and the one that disfigures it more than any, perhaps than all, of the others, and upon which we shall bestow the most extended notice, is the affectation of alliterated sentences, with which almost every page is crowded; and after giving our readers a few specimens with which our author has favored us, we propose to make a few observations on what we have always considered to be one of the most ridiculous and puerile of literary follies that have been recorded, and which we think no power, certainly not that of the genius of the Howadji, can render again popular. But although the success of such an attempt would be as hopeless as deplorable, we do not, on that account, think the person making it less deserving of censure. On one page alone our author treats us with "two towels," "lickerous larder," "sharp stimulants," "most melancholy," "remote regions," "illness and inability," "landing at lonely," "provisions previously sent on shore for the purpose at an admirable advance," "grown grisly," "spectrally sliding," "story with sardonic smiles," "demoniac dragomen," "sang the slowest of slow songs."

We cull a few more of these flowers of literature from some other pages. "Shines not the Syrian sun suddenly," "dirt and direful deformity," "dumb secrets are but soft shadows and shining lights," "sitting solemn saddening but successful," "trebly flies the Ibis while the sun sets," "dashed with dying light," "cultivate chimney corners and chuckle," "solid sin sticks steadfastly," "sharp surges of sound swept," "music still swelled savagely in maddened monotony of measure," "make or maintain an otherwise monotonous mass of misery," "sedately sail for stranger scenery," "seems it too seriously symbolical," "swallow-like follow the summer, and shuffle off the coil

that we have seldom closed a book, written similar specimens, but deem the foregoing sufficient. We must, however, give the opening of the 21st chapter: "We departed at dawn. Before a gentle gale the Ibis fleetly flew in the star-light, serenaded by the Sallias;" and with this exquisite "morseau" we close our alliterated extracts.

All affectations in literature are offensive, and it is extremely painful to see an attempt made to revive practices in writing, that the purer taste of modern times has decided to be unsuitable to a chaste and natural style: and although the figure of words that consists in the repetition of the same letter or letters at certain intervals, and is termed in rhetoric alliteration, was indulged in occasionally by some of the oldest and best writers—chiefly in poetry however—it is regarded at the present day as a trivial and affected decoration of words, and an instance of false refinement, and cannot be tolerated except in a work of a humorous or burlesque nature. When any folly is indulged in to a great extent, the very extravagances into which it runs is the cause of its total abandonment. Such was the fate of alliteration, which was carried to such lengths that its absurdity became apparent to all, and it went cut of favor with the public. Disraeli tells us of the "Ecloga de Calois," by Hugbold the Monk, all the words of which silly work began with a C; and also of a translation of the moral proverbs of Christiana of Pisa, made by the Earl of Rivers, in the time of Edward IV., the greater part of which he contrived to conclude with the letter E; an instance, he observes, of his lordship's hard application, and the bad taste of an age which Lord Oxford said had witticisms and whims to struggle with, as well as ignorance. Now every such instance is the "reductio ad absurdum" of such a practice. It is "from the purpose" of writing, and "though it make the unskilful laugh, yet it cannot but make the judicious grieve." It is a method of courting notoriety that seems more ridiculous to us than that of the incendiary of Ephesus, and we shall always express our dislike at such attempts. Every thing that attracts attention from the matter to the style should be discountenanced. We should not think of tolerating a writer of modern times, who indulged in that figure of care at Cairo," &c. &c. We might fill of words termed Antanaclasis, which con-our pages, as the Howadji has done, with sists in the repetition of words the same in

sound, but not in sense. Instances of this, as well as of alliteration, occur in the writings of Cicero, who stands pre-eminent among elegant writers; but at the present day it is reckoned a defect, and not a beauty in style. Yet in the time of Henry II., this childish and unmeaning folly prevailed to such an extent, that no poem or prose-writing could be popular if it did not abound in instances of it.

Were it possible for such follies to be revived, we might expect to see verses again assume the grotesque shapes of pillars, bottles, lozenges, rhomboids, Cupids, hearts and altars, as in a former age. But we will not insult the public taste, by presuming for a moment such a thing possible.

Alliteration was conisdered to have a kind of natural connection with imitative harmony, and occurred most frequently where the sound was an echo to the sense; but our author, instead of attempting to revive it in its least objectionable shape, although in that sufficiently absurd, has plunged at once into extravagance, and forcibly brings in words without regard to their fitness, solely because the first letter or syllable is similar to that of the word that preceded or follows it. A puerile or senseless affectation, that cannot be animadverted upon with too much severity. We confess that we should have read his book with more pleasure, had he, after having selected a word that was appropriate, repeated it several times, or referred us in a note or otherwise to the letters in the Dictionary that the word commenced with for other words commencing with the same. Either of these two methods, we think, would have been superior to the one he has adopted, and with the latter we could have alliterated his sentences at our leisure, if we had any inclination to do so at all, without having it interfere with the perusal of his narrative.

We proceed now to notice some of the other faults that we alluded to in a former page, and to give a few of the most glaring instances. On the route to Boubek, see page 17, our author meets men with hog-skins slung over their backs full of water. This sight reminds him of the remark in Scripture, "Neither do ye put new wine into old bottles," and carries him back to the time when glass bottles were an unknown luxury. To express this he says, "I remembered the land and the time of putting wine into old bottles,"

and was shoved back beyond glass." The incorrectness of the first part of this sentence is overshadowed by the inelegance of the last part, that we have italicized. Sacrifices of elegance are allowable, if thereby a greater force of expression is obtained; but in this case the Howadji has gained nothing in vigor, and is singularly inelegant. He has attempted to be quaint, and is only clumsy.

On page 58 we have the following: "We were in the dream of the death of the deadest land."

On page 253: "Yet he will have a secreter sympathy with those forms than with any temple, how grand or graceful soever."

Whose grammar does the Howadji use? On page 66: "Over my head was the dreamy murmurousness of summer insects swarming in the warm air."

On page 134: "The sharp surges of sound swept around the room, dashing in regular measure against her *movelessness*."

On page 173: "It lingers on the verge of the vortex, then unpausing plunges in."

On page 202: "Should we not have blackballed the begirted Aristides?"

And whose dictionary?

Such sentences as the following would be unpardonable in a school-boy's composition, and the youth who should be guilty of them would richly deserve to have the rules of syntax flogged into him:—

Page 120: "And so frailtywas all boated up the Nile to Esne. Not quite, and even if it had been, Abbas Pacha, grandson of Mahommed Alee, and at the request of the old Pacha's daugher, has boated it all back again."

Page 156: "Nation of beggars effortless, effete, bucksheesh is its prominent point of contact with the Howadji, who revisiting the Nile in dreams hears far sounding and for ever, 'Alms, O shopkeeper!"

Page 173: "Confusion confounded, desolated desolation, never sublime yet always solemn, with a sense of fate in the swift rushing waters, that creates a somber interest not all inhuman, but akin to dramatic intensity."

Page 179: "Followed much monosyllabic discourse, also grave grunting and a little more salaaming among the belated sinners."

We confess to a prejudice in favor of the subjects and attributes of sentences being placed in the natural order of syntax.

The following is perhaps as flagrant an instance of a want of purity of style as any in the book:—

Page 135: "Form so perfect was never yet carved in marble—not the Venus is so mellowly moulded. Her outline has not the voluptuousness which is not too much—which is not perceptible to mere criticism, and is more a flushing along the form than a greater fulness of the form itself. The Greek Venus was sea-born, but our Egyptian is sun-born. The brown blood of the sun burned along her veins—the soul of the sun streamed shaded from her eyes. She was still, almost statuesquely still. When she danced, it was only stillness intensely stirred."

We should like to know how stillness looks when it is intensely stirred, and how much it can be stirred without ceasing to be stillness, or if the more it is stirred the stiller it becomes?

The Howadji gets sentimental under the palms, and discourses as follows, page 148:

"I knew a palm-tree upon Capri; it stood in select society of shining fig leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung the balcony, and so looked far overleaning down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream mists of Southern Italian noons, it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away, or at sunset the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden permanent plants of that delicious dark. And from the Sorrento where Tasso was born it looked across to pleasant Posylippo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The Palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the Bay of Naples.

"A wandering poet whom I knew sang a sweet song to the Palm, as he dreamed in the moonlight upon that balcony. But it was only the free-masonry of sympathy. It was only syllabled moonshine. For the Palm was a Poet, and all Palms are Poets."

"Palmam qui meruit ferat," say we, venturing, at the expense of good taste, on the confines of a joke; but this seems to us to be the most maudlin sentiment and unmeaning twaddle that could well be imagined. It is fustian raised to its highest power. The "words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." Syllabled moonshine alone would not be offensive; but this being not only syllabled, but printed, proof-corrected, and published moonshine, it is an insult to the public taste.

There are many other similar passages

marked by us to be noticed, but we will not trespass upon the good nature of our readers.

The chapters entitled Fair Frailty and Terpsichore are not deficient in warmth of coloring certainly, but we must speak of them in terms of condemnation. We are not over-fastidious in such matters, but we consider the glowing descriptions of voluptuous dances, and observations upon many and allusions to other Oriental manners and customs that occur in these chapters, to be decidedly objectionable in a book that is intended (to use a favorite advertising phrase) to occupy a place upon the drawing-room table. There are some "melancholy mysteries" (to adopt an expression of our author) into which we have not the slightest disposition to pry, and concerning which we should prefer that the fairer and purer portion of our race should remain profoundly ignorant.

We have made the foregoing remarks in no spirit of cavilling or unkindness. Did the book before us not display unmistakable evidences of talent, we should not have noticed it to such an extent. But it contains many passages of remarkable power and great beauty, that prove to us conclusively that the author possesses the ability to achieve a work that shall be an addition to the literature of his country. Let him but disabuse his mind of the idea that alliteration is an embellishment; let him cease to construct sentences on principles of his own, and bestow more attention to purity, propriety, and precision, (the alliteration is accidental;) let him be content to take the English language as he finds it, and be careful in his more sentimental moods lest he make that fatal step from the sublime, and he will write books that we shall have bound in crimson and gold, and give more than one attentive perusal. His nature is often finely touched, and to fine issues. He has a keen sense of the noble, the beautiful, and the ludicrous; the eye of an artist and the soul of a true poet; great power of description, a good command of language, and at times an intensity of thought and expression that astonishes and delights us. And it is on this account that we have expressed ourself so emphatically in our previous pages. We regretted that any one who could do so well should be guilty of the gross mistakes, the affectations, and the fustian, of all of which we have given instances. That our

readers may judge for themselves and be adji what Egypt said to the Egyptian; and from convinced that we do not rank our author's ability to write well higher than it deserves, we will give them a few specimens. The following is an extract from his views of the present position and future prospects of the East :-

6 That the East will never regenerate itself, contemporary history shows; nor has any nation of history culminated twice. The spent summer reblooms no more—the Indian summer is but a memory and a delusion. The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. The child must suckle the age of the parent, and even 'Medea's wondrous alchemy' will not restore its peculiar prime. If the East awakens, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the sea that advances for ever upon the shore; the shore cannot stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean. The Western, who lives in the Orient, does not assume the kaftan and the baggy breeches, and those of his Muslim neighbors shrink and disappear before his coat and pantaloons. The Turkish army is clothed like the armies The grand Turk himself, Mohammad's of Europe. vicar, the Commander of the Faithful, has laid away the magnificence of Haroun Alrashid, and wears the simple red Tarboosh, and a stiff suit of military blue. Cairo is an English station to India, and the Howadji does not drink sherbet upon the pyramids, but champagne. The choice Cairo of our Eastern imagination is contaminated with carriages. They are showing the secrets of the streets to the sun." (P. 50.)

Now this has the ring of the true metal. The Howadji speaks here "plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier;" and the following description of the landscape of the Nile is an example of truly fine The sentences are well constructed and harmonious, and possess clearness, unity, and strength :-

"Nature is only epical here. She has no little lyrics of green groves, and blooming woods, and sequestered lanes—no lonely pastoral landscapes, But from every point the Egyptian could behold the desert heights, and the river, and the sky. This grand and solemn Nature has imposed upon the art of the land the law of its own being and beauty. Out of the landscape, too, springs the mystery of Egyptian character, and the character of its art. For silence is the spirit of these sand mountains, and of this sublime sweep of luminous sky-and silence is the mother of mystery. Primitive man, so surrounded, can then do nothing but what is simple and grand. The pyramids reproduce the impression and the form of the landscape in which they stand. The pyramids say, in the Nature around them, 'Man, his mark.'

"Later, he will be changed by a thousand influences, but can never escape the mystery that haunts his home, and will carve the Sphinx and the strange

the fascination of her face streams all the yearning, profound and pathetic power that is the soul of the

Egyptian day.

"So also from the moment the Arabian highlands appeared, we had in their lines and in the ever graceful and suggestive palms, the grand ele-ments of Egyptian architecture. Often in a luminously blue day, as the Howadji sits reading or musing before the cabin, the stratified sand mountain side, with a stately arcade of palms on the smooth green below, floats upon his eye through the serene sky as the ideal of that mighty Temple which Egyptian architecture struggles to realize; and he feels that he beholds the seed that flowered at last in the Parthenon and all Greek architec-

"The beginnings seem to have been, the sculpture of the hills into their own forms,-vast regular chambers cut in the rock or earth, vaulted like the sky that hung over the hills, and like that, starred with gold in a blue space.

" From these came the erection of separate buildings-but always of the same grand and solemn character. In them the majesty of the mountain is repeated. Man cons the lesson which Nature has taught him.

"Exquisite details follow. The fine flower-like forms and foliage that have arrested the quick sensitive eye of artistic genius, appear presently as ornaments of his work. Man as the master, and the symbol of power, stands calm with folded hands in the Osiride columns. Twisted water reeds and palms, whose flowing crests are natural capitals, are added. Then the lotus and acanthus are wreathed around the column, and so the most delicate detail of the Egyptian landscape re-appeared in its art.

"But Egyptian art never loses this character of solemn sublimity. It is not simply infancy, it was the law of its life. The art of Egypt never offered to emancipate itself from this character,-it changed only when strangers came.

"Greece fulfilled Egypt. To the austere grandeur of simple natural forms, Greek art succeeded as the flower to foliage. The essential strength is retained, but an aerial grace and elegance, an exquisite elaboration followed; as Eve followed Adam. For Grecian temples have a fine feminineness of character when measured with the Egyptian. That hushed harmony of grace-even the snow sparkling marble and the general impression have this difference.

"Such hints are simple and obvious-and there is no fairer or more frequent flower upon these charmed shores than the revelations they make of the simple naturalness of primitive art." (Pp. 62, 63, 64.)

To prove how well he can write in a lighter vein, we give the following clever and amusing description of a Johnny Green (with whom the Howadji met and to whom he applies the sobriquet of Verde Giovane) and his friend, a young London barrister:

"Verde was joyous and gav. He had already mystical Memnon. The Sphinx says to the How-been to the pyramids, and had slept in a tomb,

and had his pockets picked as he wandered through their disagreeable darkness. He had come freshly and fast from England, to see the world, omitting Paris and Western Europe on his way,—as he embarked at Southampton for Alexandria. Being in Cairo, he felt himself abroad. Sternhold and Hopkins were his Laurentes, for perpetually on all kinds of wings of mighty winds he came flying all abroad. He lost a great deal of money at billiards to 'jolly' fellows whom he afterward regaled with cold punch and choice cigars. He wrangled wildly with a dragoman of very imperfent English powers, and packed his tea for the voyage in brown paper parcels. He was perpetually on the point of leaving. At breakfast, he would take a loud leave of the 'jolly' fellows, and if there were ladies in the room, he slung his gun in a very abandoned manner over his shoulder, and while he adjusted his shot-pouch with careless heroism, as if the enemy were in ambush on the stairs,—as who should say, 'I'll do their business easily enough,' he would remark with a meaning smile, that he should stop a day or two at Esne, probably, and then go off humming a song from the Favorita,or an air whose words were well known to the jolly fellows, but would scarcely bear female criti-

"After this departure, he had a pleasant way of re-appearing at the dinner-table, for the pale ale was not yet aboard, or the cook was ill, or there had been another explosion with the dragoman. Verde Giovane found the Cairene evenings 'slow.' It was astonishing how much execution he accomplished with those words of very moderate calibre, 'slow,' 'jolly,' and 'stunning.' The universe arranged itself, in Verde Giovane's mind, under those three heads. Presently it was easy to predicate his criticisms in any department. He had lofty views of travel. Verde Giovane had come forth to see the world, and vainly might the world seek to be unseen. He wished to push on to Sennaar and Ethiopia. It was very slow to go only to the cataracts. Ordinary travel, and places already beheld of men, were not for Verde. But if there were any Chinese wall to be scaled, or the English standard were to be planted upon any vague and awful Himalayan height, or a new oasis were to be revealed in the desert of Sahara, here was the Heaven-appointed Verde Giovane, only awaiting his pale ale, and determined to dally a little at Esne, After subduing the East by travel, he proposed to enter the Caucasian Mountains, and serve as a Russian officer. These things were pleasant to hear, as to behold at Christmas those terrible beheadings of giants by Tom Thumb, for you enjoyed a sweet sense of security and a consciousness that no harm was done. They were wild Arabian romances, attributable to the inspiration of the climate, in the city he found so slow. The Cairenes were listening elsewhere to their poets, Verde Giovane was ours; and we knew very well that he would go quietly up to the first cataract, and then returning to Alexandria, would steam to Jaffa, and thence donkey placidly to Jerusalem, moaning in his sleep of Cheapside and St. Paul's.

"His chum, Gunning, was a brisk little barrister, dried up in the Temple like a small tart sapson. In the course of acquaintance with him, you stumbled surprised upon the remains of geniality and gentle culture, as you would upon Greek relics in Greenland. He was a victim of the Circe, Law, but not entirely unhumanized. Like the young king, he was half marble, but not all stony. Gunning's laugh was very ludicrous. It had no fun in it—no more sweetness than a crow's caw, and it sprang upon you suddenly and startling, like the breaking down of a cart overloaded with stones. He was very ugly and moody, and walked apart muttering to himself, and nervously grinning ghastly grins, so that Gunning was suspected of insanity—a suspicion that became certainty when he fringed his mouth with stiff black bristles, and went up the Nile with Verde Giovane.

"For the little Verde did say a final farewell at last, and left the dining-room gayly and gallantly, as a stage bandit disappears down pasteboard rocks to desperate encounters with mugs of beer in the green-room." (Pp. 76–78.)

Such touches as the following are delightful. Our author is in the town of Asyoot:—

"Threading the town, which is built entirely of the dark mud brick, we emerged upon the plain between the houses and the mountains. Before us a funeral procession was moving to the tombs, and the shrill, melancholy cry of the wailers rang fitfully upon the low gusts that wailed more grievously, and for a sadder sorrow. We could not overtake the procession, but saw it disappear among the white domes of the cemetery, as we began to climb the hills to the caves-temples, I might say, for their tombs are temples who reverence the dead, and these were built with a temple grandeur by a race who honored the forms that life had honored, beyond the tradition or conception of any other people. Great truths, like the gods, have no country or age, and over these ancient Egyptian portals might have been carved the saying of the modern German Novalis, the body of man is the temple of God." (P. 88.)

And the following observations are very forcible:—

"The East, like the natures which it symbolizes, is a splendid excess. There is no measure, no moderation in its richness and beauty, or in its squalor and woe. The crocodile looks out from a lotus bank, the snake coils in the corner of the hareem, and a servant who seems slave from the soul out, conducts you to the most dream-like beautiful of women. So, as we sauntered through the bazaar of Asyoot, we passed the figures of men with no trace of manliness, but with faces full of inanity and vice. The impression would be profoundly sad, if you could feel their humanity. But they are so much below the lowest level known to a Western, that they disappear from sympathy. Then suddenly passes a face like a vision, and your eyes turn, fascinated, to follow, as if they had seen the realized perfection of an ideal beauty." (P. 91.)

Our author's account of his first sight of a crocodile deserves to be inserted here:—

"He lay upon a sunny sand shore, at our right a hideous, horrible monster—a scaled nightmare upon the day. He was at least twenty feet long but seeing the Ibis with fleet wings running, he slipped, slowly soughing, head foremost and leisurely,

into the river. "It was the first blight upon the beauty of the Nile. The squalid people were at least picturesque, with their costume and water-jars on the shore. But this mole-eyed, dragon-tailed abomination, who is often seen by the same picturesque people sluggishly devouring a grandam or child on the inaccessible opposite bank, was utterly loathsome. Yet he too had his romantic side, the scaly nightmare! so exquisite and perfect are the compensations of nature. For if, in the perpetual presence of forms and climate so beautiful, and the feeling of a life so intense as the Egyptian, there is the constant feeling that the shadow must be as deep as the sun is bright, and that weeds must foully flaunt where flowers are fairest; so, when he shadow sloped and the weed was seen, they ad their own suggestions of an opposite grace, and in this loathsome spawn of slime and mystic waters, it was plain to see the Dragon of oriental romance. Had the Howadji followed this feeling and penetrated to Buto, they might have seen Sinbad's valley. For there Herodotus saw the bones of winged snakes, as the Arabians called them. These, without doubt, were the bones of serpents, which, being seized by birds and borne aloft, seemed to the astonished people to be serpents flying, and were incorporated into the Arabian romances as worthy wonders." (P. 105.)

Although we think the foregoing extracts sufficient to sustain our opinion with our readers as to our author's power, and although they have extended, together with our observations, to a greater length than we originally intended; yet we shall not restrain ourselves until we have given one more extract, and shall make no apology for its length. It is manly and forcible, and, with the exception of a few abbreviations and one or two trifling inaccuracies, we can find no fault either with the matter or style. Some portions of it are truly sublime:-

"There is something essentially cheerful, however, in an Egyptian ruin. It stands so boldly bare in the sun and moon, its forms are so massive and precise, its sculptures so simply outlined, and of such serene objectivity of expression, and time deals so gently with the ruin's self, as if reluctant through love or fear to obliterate it, or even to hang it with flowery weepers and green mosses, that your feeling shares the freshness of the ruin, and you reserve for the Coliseum or the Parthenon that luxury of soft sentiment, of which Childe Harold's apostrophe to Rome is the excellent expression. We must add to this, too, the entire separation from our sympathy, of the people and principles that originated these structures. Romans are our friends and neighbors in time, for they lived only yesterday. History sees clearly to the other side of Rome, and beholds the campagna and the mountains, before the wolf was whelped that mothered the world. But It is the cutting of a razor so sharply edged that

along these shores history sees not much more than we can see. It cannot look within the hundred gates of Thebes, and babbles very inarticulately about what it professes to know. We have a vague feeling that this was the eldest born of Time-certainly his most accomplished and wisest child, and that the best of our knowledge is a flower off that trunk. But that is not enough to bring us near to it. The Colossi sit speechless, but do not look as if they would speak our language, even were their tongues loosed. Theirs is another beauty, another feeling than ours, and except to passionless study and universal cosmopolitan interest, Egypt has only the magnetism of mystery for us, until the later days of its decline.

"Our human interest enters Egypt with Alexander the Great, and the Greeks, and becomes vivid and redly warm with the Romans and Cleopatra, with Cæsar and Marc Antony, with Hadrian and Antinous. The rest are phantoms and spectres that haunt the shores. Therefore there are two interests and two kinds of remains in Egypt, the Pharaohnic and the Ptolemaic; the former represents the eldest, and the latter the youngest, history of the land. The elder is the genuine old Egyptian interest, the younger the Greco-Egyptian -after the conquest--after the glorious son had returned to engaft his own development upon the glorious sire. It was the tree in flower, transplanted. No Howadji denies that the seed was Egyptian, but poet Martineau perpetually reviles the Greeks for their audacity in coming to Egypt, can with difficulty contain her dissatisfaction at pausing to see the Ptolemaic remains, finds that word sufficient description and condemnation. But the Greeks, notwithstanding, rarely spoiled any thing they touched, and here in Egypt they innoclated massiveness with grace, and grandeur with beauty. Of course there was always something lost. An Egyptian temple built by Greek-taught natives, or by Greeks who wished to compromise a thousand jealousies and prejudices, must, like all other architecture, be emblematical of the spirit of the time and of the people. Yet in gaining grace, the Howadji is not disposed to think that Egyptian architecture lost much of its grandeur. The rock temples, or the eldest Egyptian remains, have all the imposing interest of the might and character of primitive races grandly developing in art. But as the art advances to separate structures and slowly casts away a crust of crudities, although it may lose in solid weight, it gains in every other

"Then the perfection of any art is always unobtrusive. Yes, in a sense, unimpressive, as the most exquisite of summer days so breathes balm into a vigorous and healthy body, that the individual exists without corporeal consciousness, yet is then most corporeally perfect. In the same way dis-proportion arrests the attention. Beautiful balance, which is the character of perfection in art or human character or nature, allows no prominent points. Washington is undoubtedly always underrated in our judgments, because he was so well proportioned; and the finest musical performance has such natural ease and quiet, and the colors and treatment of a fine picture such propriety and harmony, that we do not at once know how fine it is.

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we are not conscious of it. We have all seen the same thing in beautiful faces. The most permanent and profound beauty did not thrill us, but presently, like air to the lungs, it was a necessity of inner life, while the striking beauty is generally a disproportion, and so far, a monstrosity and fault. Men who feel beauty most profoundly, are often unable to recall the color of eyes and hair, unless, as with artists, there is an involuntary technical attention to those points. For beauty is a radiance that cannot be analyzed, and which is not described when you call it rosy. Wanting any word which shall express it, is not the highest beauty the synonym of balance, for the highest thought is God, and he is passionlessly balanced in our conception.

"This is singularly true in architecture. The Greek nature was the most purely proportioned of any that we know—and this beautiful balance breathes its character through all Greek art. The Greeks were as much the masters of their world, physically, and infinitely more, intellectually, than the Romans were of theirs. And it is suspected that the Greek element blending with the Saxon, makes us the men we are. Yet the single Roman always appears in our imaginations as stronger, because more stalwart, than the Greek—and the elder Egyptian architecture seems grander, because heavier than the Grecian. It is a kind of material deception—the triumph of gross sense. It is the old story of Richard and Salah-ed-deen.

"The grace of the Greek character, both humanly and artistically, was not a want of strength, but it was exquisite balance. Grace in character, as in movement, is the last delicate flower, the most bloomy bloom. The grandeur of mountain outlines—their poetic sentiment—the exquisite hues that flush along their sides, are not truly known until you have so related them to the whole landscape, by separating yourself from them, that this balance can appear. While you climb the mountain, and behold one detail swift swallowing another—though the abysses are grand, and the dead trunks titanic, and the single flower exquisite, yet the mass has no form and no hue, and only the details have character.

"Beauty is reached in the same way in art. If parts are exaggerated, striking impressions may be produced, but the best beauty is lost. The early Egyptian architecture is exaggeratedly heavy. The whole art, in its feeling and form, seems to symbolize foundation—as if it were to bear all the finer and farther architectures of the world upon itself. It is massive and heavy and permanent, but not graceful. The beholder brings away this ponderous impression—nothing seems massive to him after Egypt, as nothing seems clean after a Shaker village; and if upon the shore something lighter and more graceful arrest his eye, he is sure that it is a decadence of art. For so impressively put is this massiveness of structure, that it seems the only rule, and he will hear of no others—as a

man returning from a discourse of one idea, eloquently and fervidly set forth, believes in that, mainly, until he hears another fervid argument.

"But the Greeks achieved something loftier. They harmonized strength into beauty, and therein secured the highest success of art—the beautifying of use. Nothing in nature is purely ornamental, and therefore nothing in art has a right to be. Greek architecture sacrifices none of the strength of the Egyptian, if we may trust the most careful and accurate engravings, but elevates it. It is the proper superstructure of that foundation. It is aerial and light and delicate. Probably, on the whole, a Greek temple charms the eye more than any other single object of art. It is serene and beautiful. The grace of the sky and of the landscape would seem to have been perpetually present in the artist's mind who designed it. This architecture has also the smiling simplicity, which is the characteristic of all youth—while the African has a kind of dumb, ante living, ante-sunlight character, like that of an embryo Titan.

"When the Greeks came to Egypt, they brought Greece with them, and the last living traces of antique Egypt began to disappear. They even changed the names of cities, and meddled with the theology, and in art the Greek genius was soon evident-yet as blending and beautifying, not destroying-and the Ptolemaic temples, while they have not lost the massive grandeur of the Pharaohnic, have gained a greater grace. A finer feeling is apparent in them-a lighter and more genial touch-a lyrical sentiment which does not appear in the dumb old epics of Aboo Simbel, and of Gerf Hoseyn. They have an air of flowers, and freshness, and human feeling. They are sculptured with the same angular heroes, and gods, and victims, but while these are not so well done as in the elder temples, and indicate that the Egyptians themselves were degenerate in the art, or that the Greeks who attained the same result of mural commemoration in a loftier manner at home, did it clumsily in Egypt-the general effect and character of the temples is much more beautiful to the The curious details begin to yield to the complete whole-a gayer, more cultivated, farther advanced race has entered and occupied."

And here we take our leave of the Howadji for the present, sincerely hoping that he
will derive some advantage from our observations and suggestions, and that his next
work will be free from the faults that disfigure
the book before us. We can assure him that
no one can think more highly than ourself
of his ability to make valuable contributions
to American literature, and we shall await
his next publication with some anxiety.

R

HENRY MACKENZIE.

"The places which I revisit, and the books I read over again, still smile upon me with a fresh novelty."-MONTAIGNE.

AFTER the lapse of many years, I have again been reading Mackenzie's novels, the "Man of Feeling," the "Man of the World," and "Julia de Roubigné." The first of these, the "Man of Feeling," brought to mind many delightful enjoyments of by-gone days:

" It opened all the cells Where memory slept." COWPER.

I saw again the old stone house in the country, where I passed so many pleasant summers; the garden, more beautiful to my eyes than any other which has since greeted them, with its marygolds, ladyslippers, violets, roses, lilies, its hop-vines at the end of the walks, beautiful and graceful; the magnificent elm trees at the foot of the garden, on the banks of a stream, where I have fished so many hours; the old open garret, with its perfume from dried herbs, which hung from every beam; the pleasant twittering of the martins on the roofs, during the early fragrant morning hours, again sounds in my ear. I had no care or anxiety but the sole one, to discover how to cram the greatest amount of enjoyment into each passing day. How delicious were the bread and butter, and milk, and vegetables. Flowers were always placed on the breakfast and tea table—a refined practice. The hour of tea-time was delightful. How often have I looked out on the garden and trees, and seen the sun set in all its glory, irradiating the hills across the stream,

"While admiration feeding at the eye, And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene."

That was the period of life when the heart promised what the fancy drew. The rainy days were generally spent in reading some old novel, the effects of which I have never forgotten, but even now most gratefully remember. From the custom of placing flowers on the table arose my early love for them, a love which has increased with time. And I felt proud when in after years

ever ornamented with mignonette, and other sweet-scented herbs and flowers, elegantly planted in china vases, as were other parts of his room; and that Cowper had always been fond of plants, and when he lived in the Temple used every year to purchase myrtles in Covent Garden. And I found other lovers of flowers and gardens, Cowley, Evelyn, Temple, Shakspeare, Milton, Thomson. Listen to Cowley:

"God the first garden made, and the first city,

" Who, that has reason, and his smell, Would not among roses and jasmin dwell, Rather than all his spirits choke With exhalations of dirt and smoke, And all th' uncleanness which does drown In pestilential clouds a populous town?"

There is a fine description of flowers in "A Winter's Tale," and in "Lycidas." Thomson has elegantly pictured forth the beauties of flowers, and his lines seem to possess a fragrance in this lovely month of May:

" At length the finish'd garden to the view Its vistas opens, and its alleys green. Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace; Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first; The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue, And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes; The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown, And lavish stock that scents the garden round; From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed, Anemones; auriculas, enrich'd With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves: And full ranunculas of glowing red. Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays Her idle freaks; from family diffused To family, as flies the father dust, The varied colors run; and while they break On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks With secret pride the wonders of his hand. No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud, First born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes; Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white, Low bent, and blushing inwards; nor jonquilles, Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair, As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still; Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks, Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose. Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, With hues on hues expression cannot paint, I read that Gray's chamber windows were The breath of nature, and her endless bloom."

1851.

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It has been beautifully said, put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table, morning, we believe, noon and night; that is to say, all his meals, for dinner in his time was taken at noon; and why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now here is a fashion that shall last you for ever, if you please, never changing with silks and velvets and silver forks, nor depending upon the caprice of fine gentlemen or ladies, who have nothing but caprice and change to give them importance and a sensation. Does any reader misgive himself, and fancy that to help himself to such comforts as these would be trifling. Then was Bacon a trifler, then was the great Condé a trifler, and the old republican Ludlow, and all the great and good spirits that have loved flowers, and Milton's Adam himself; nay, Heaven itself, for Heaven made these harmless elegances, and blessed them with the universal good-will of the wise and innocent. The same mighty energy which whirls the earth round the sun, and crashes the heaven with thunderbolts, produces the lifies of the valley, and the dew-drops that keep them fair. I can truly say:

"All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's off-spring; floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine.
I care not, 'tis a glimpse of 'auld lang syne.'"
BYRON.

The style of Mackenzie's novels (a blending of Addison and Sterne) is sweet in the extreme. It glides along like a beautiful stream through a picturesque country, among fruitful meadows, pleasant woods, mirroring the blue sky and floating clouds. Nothing can be more unpretending than the plot of the "Man of Feeling," and the adventures which happen to Harley are likely to happen to any man. He departs from home to visit London; on the road he meets a beggar and his dog; the beggar relates some incidents of his life. In London Harley falls among sharpers; one of them, a young man, voluble and plausible, converses with him about the play-house, opera, occurrences in high life, the reigning beauties; another of them is an old man, with a vener-

able countenance, and Harley, who prided himself in his skill in physognomy, becomes interested with him, although he sees him refuse to give money to a beggar, under the plea that he had no change, but when they adjourn to a neighboring inn, and play cards, the benevolent old man produces ten shillings for markers for his score; to the surprise of no one Harley is fleeced. We afterwards see the brave, affectionate man, listening to the sad story of Miss Atkins. He visits Bedlam, and sees a poor crazed thing lamenting the loss of her lover.

"Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind which moves our pity unmixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it. This, said he, is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune; but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her; grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her, and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar. Though the story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now on Harley. 'My Billy is no more! do you weep for my Billy ? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns! She drew nearer to Harley. 'Be comforted, young lady,' said he, 'your Billy is in heaven.' 'Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there? Alas! I am grown naughty of late! I have almost forgotten to think of heaven, yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing: you shall hear me-hush!

'Light be the earth on Billy's breast, And green the sod that wraps his grave.'

"There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and except the keeper's there was not an unmoistened eye around her. 'Do you weep again?' said she; 'I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy; you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!

'Twas when the seas were roaring.'

I love you for resembling my Billy; I shall never love any man like him.' She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. 'Nay, that is Billy's ring,' said she, 'you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited today of some gold thread from this bit of stuff: will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart is harmless: my poor heart! it will burst some day; feel how it beats!' She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening : 'Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring.' She put it on his finger. 'Farewell! I must leave you now.' She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips. 'I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly; farewell!' She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper. Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand. 'Be kind to that unfortunate.' He burst into tears, and left them."

The narrative of the veteran Edwards has likewise drawn tears from many an eye. But the most interesting part of the work is the account of Harley's distant, respectful and sincere love for Miss Walton. Harley's ideas of the beautiful were not always to be defined, nor indeed such as the world would always assent to. A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him like the cestus of Cytherea. To be near Miss Walton, to walk about the grounds surrounding her mansion, sufficed for the ideal love of Harley.

"The air of paradise did fan the house, And angels offic'd all."

A few mornings ago I rose about day-break. The air was soft and pleasant, and the young grass and leaves were of a moist bright green. On looking upward, I saw one star shining mildly through the branches of a tree; it was fair, distant, pure. I looked at it with admiration, with a subdued joy; such as was my admiration for that star, so it seems to me was Harley's love for Miss Walton. I have often thought, too, that

our ignorance of her christian name adds some indefinable charm to the interest we take in Miss Walton. His slight feelings of jealousy and unhappiness when he hears she is to be married to Sir Harry Benson, are natural and exquisitely described. He walks out, he sits down on a little seat which commands an extensive prospect around the house. He leans on his hand, and scores the ground with his stick. "Miss Walton married!" says he; "but what is that to me? May she be happy; her virtues deserve it; to me her marriage is otherwise indifferent. I had romantic dreams! They are fled! it is perfectly indifferent." Poor, diffident, true-hearted Harley; death gradually, step by step, wooes him to the silent grave. He feelingly says :-

"There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life with the consciousness of few great offenses to account for. There are blemishes I confess, which deform in some degree the picture; but I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favor. My mind expands at the thought. I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children.' He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too; we sat for some time silent. At last, with an attempt at a look of more composure: 'There are are some remembrances,' said Harley, 'which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect with the tenderest emotion the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more sus-ceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; they are called—perhaps they are— weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the names of virtues.' He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when

Miss Walton. 'My dear,' says she, 'here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' He rose from his seat. 'If to know Miss Walton's goodness,' said he, 'be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave, Miss Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.' She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavored to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless, 'I know,' said he, 'that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is a privilege bestowed on few. I would endeavor to make it mine; nor do I think I can ever be better prepared for it than now: it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach,' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value, As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.' The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground. 'There are,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton.' His glance met hers. They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments. 'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity; let that also excuse it. It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.' He paused again. 'Let it not offend you, to know their power over one so unworthy. It will, I beheve, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.' Her tears were now flowing without control. 'Let me entreat you,' said she, 'to have better hopes. Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on it-I will not pretend to misunderstand you-I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—what would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved. He seized her hand; a languid color reddened his cheek; a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it closed. He sighed, and fell back on his sent. Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room; they found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded; but Harley was gone for * * He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there was a branch of it that bent toward us, waving in

the wind; he waved his hand as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! Perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times and places when I am a child at those things. I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! every beat of my heart awakens a virtue! But it will make you hate the world. No; there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but as to the world, I pity the men of it."

HAZLITT, in one of his essays, observes: "Of the 'Man of the World' I cannot think so favorably as some others; nor shall I dwell on the picturesque and romantic beauties of Julia de Roubigné, the early favorite of the author of Rosamond Gray; but of the Man of Feeling I would speak with grateful recollections: nor is it possible to forget the sensitive, irresolute, interesting Harley; and that lone figure of Miss Walton in it, that floats in the horizon, dim and ethereal, the day-dream of her lover's youthful fancy—better, far better than all the realities of life."

A great many readers, in this artificial and material age of ours, have neither time nor taste to study the minute and refined beauties of a genius like Mackenzie. His colors are too delicately laid on, the shading too exquisitely clear, to please a vitiated or uneducated taste, which must be startled into admiration by something far-fetched, violent, and exaggerated. The more fantastical and unlike to real life a story, and the characters described in it, are drawn, the more sure they are to please the public. A monster whom the world ne'er saw, combining genius and virtue, ignorance and unmitigated depravity, love and fiendishness, benevolence and meanness, a character which often appears in modern works of fiction, is loudly praised.

"These are the volumes that enrich the shops; These pass with admiration through the world." ROSCOMMON.

Though I doubt if they will bring their authors to immortal fame. There is no strength in this, but on the contrary it shows great weakness, an absence of power and imagination. It is like stage thunder and lightning compared with "Heaven's artillery" when it "comes rattling on over the Caspian." The one is genuine, the other a sickly imitation. An author must attentively peruse the red-leaved tablets of the heart, must wisely attend to the throbbings of his

own bosom; then with a learned spirit, he will appeal with a lasting effect to the human mind and its eternal sympathies. We need the harmonious and true, not the coarse and unreal; by the former the intellect is enlarged, the heart softened; the latter display the foul depths of leprous sin, gloat on deformity, degrade the intellect, harden the heart, and encompass us in a miasma which poisons the springs of life. Many parents are fearful that by reading novels their children will become sentimental and romantic. There is no danger of that. Mammon is the only god worshipped in America with a burning zeal.

"Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and
thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific; by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best

MILTON.

Deserve the precious bane."

The "Man of the World" appears to me to be greatly inferior to the Man of Feeling. Sir Thomas Sindall is a vulgar Lovelace, possessing neither the gayety nor spirit of his famous prototype, and using the same means to accomplish his purposes of seduction as Lovelace used to accomplish the ruin of Clarissa. And his attempt upon Lucy Annesly, after a lapse of some twenty years, is revolting and unnatural. The story of the fall of young Annesly is affecting, and described in a masterly manner. Richard Annesly, the parson, gains our entire esteem, by his simplicity and kind nature. It is a portrait equal to Goldsmith's village minister, or the one drawn by Chaucer. Rawlinson is likewise a beautiful character, one of God Almighty's gentlemen. growth of Lucy and Bolton's mutual flame is truly and gracefully written:-

"The state of the mind may be often disguised even from the owner, when he means to inquire into it; but a very trifle will throw it from its guard, and betray its situation, when a formal examination has failed to discover it. Bolton would often catch himself sighing when Miss Sindall was

absent, and feel his cheeks glow at her approach; he wondered what it was, that made him sigh and blush. He would sometimes take solitary walks, without knowing why he wandered out alone: he found something that pleased him in the melancholy of lonely recesses and half-worn paths; and his day-dreams commonly ended in some idea of Miss Sindall, though he meant nothing less than to think of such an object. He had strayed in one of these excursions about half a mile from the house, through a copse at the corner of the park, which opened into a little green amphitheatre; in the middle of which was a pool of water, formed by a rivulet that crept through the matted grass, till it fell into this basin by a gentle cascade. The sun was gleaming through the trees, which were pictured on the surface of the pool beneath; and the silence of the scene was only interrupted by the murmurs of the water-fall, sometimes accompanied by the querulous note of the wood-pigeons who inhabited the neighboring copse, Bolton seated himself on the bank, and listened to their dirge. It ceased; for he had disturbed the sacred, solitary haunt. 'I will give you some music in return,' said he, and drew from his pocket a small piped flute, which he frequently carried with him in his evening walks, and serenaded the lonely shepherd returning from his field. He played a little pensive air, which himself had composed. He thought he had played it by chance, but Miss Sindall had commended it the day before; the recollection of Miss Sindall accompanied the sound, and he had drawn her portrait listening to its close. She was, indeed, listening to its close, for accident had pointed her walk in the very same direction with Bolton's. She was just coming out of the wood, when she heard the soft notes of his flute. They had something of fairy music in them, that suited the scene; and she was irresistibly drawn nearer the place where he sat; though some wayward feeling arose, and whispered that she should not approach it. Her feet were approaching it, whether she would or no; and she stood close by his side, while the last cadence was melting from his pipe. She repeated it after him with her voice. "Miss Sindall!" cried he, starting up with some emotion. 'I know,' said she, 'you will be surprised to find me here; but I was enchanted bither by the sound of your flute. Pray, touch that little melancholy tune again. He began, but he played very ill. 'You blow it,' said she, 'not so sweetly as before; let me try what tone I can give it.' She put it to her mouth; but she wanted the skill to give it voice, 'There cannot be much art in it;'-she tried it again—and yet it will not speak at my bidding! She looked steadfastly on the flute, holding her fingers on the stops; her lips were red from the pressure, and her figure altogether so pastoral and innocent, that I do not believe the kisses, with which the poets make Diana greet her sister-huntresses, were ever more chaste than that which Bolton now stole from her by surprise. Her cheeks were crimson at this little violence of Harry's. 'What do you mean, Mr. Bolton?' said she, dropping the flute to the ground. "Twas a forfeiture,' he replied, stammering and blushing

'I do not understand you!' answered Lucy; and turned towards the house, with some marks of resentment on her countenance. Bolton was for some time riveted to the spot. When he recovered the use of his feet, he ran after Miss Sindall, and gently laying hold of her hand, 'I cannot bear your anger, said he; 'though I own your displeasure is just; but forgive, I entreat you, this unthinking offense, of him whose respect is equal to his love. 'Your love, Mr. Bolton ' 'I cannot retract the word, though my heart has betrayed me from that prudence which might have stifled the declaration. I have not language, Miss Lucy, for the present feelings of my soul: till this momant, I never knew how much I loved you, and never could I have expressed it so ill! He paused: she was looking fixedly on the ground; drawing her hand softly from his, which refused, involuntarily, to quit its hold. 'May I not hope?' seid he. 'You have my pardon, Mr. Bolton.' 'But'—'I beg you,' said Lucy, interrupting him, 'to leave this subject. I know your merit, Mr. Bolton-my esteem-you have thrown me into such confusion—nay, let go my hand.' 'Pity then, and forgive me.' She sighed—he pressed her hand to his lips. She blushed—and blushed in such a manner.—They have never been in Bolton's situation, by whom that sigh and that blush would not have been understood.

"Julia de Roubigné," the last of Mackenzie's novels, has been the most attractive of them all in public estimation. It is very interesting, and doubtless its melancholy pages have often been stained with the tears of the young. Sad and affecting it truly is, and we close the book with a deep and longdrawn sigh. Julia in childhood has a young companion by the name of Savillon. They read the same books, play the same music, take rambles in the country together, and what was in childhood friendship, as years multiply, becomes love. Savillon, to better his fortune, sails for Martinique, without declaring his attachment to Julia. But she possesses his picture, and in a letter to a friend she writes: "Maria, when this picture was drawn! I remember the time well. My father was at Paris, and Savillon left with my mother and me at Bellville. The painter (who was accidentally in our province) came thither to give me a few lessons of drawing. Savillon was already a tolerable designer; but he joined with me in becoming scholar to this man. When our master was with us, he used sometimes to guide my hand; when he was gone, at our practice of his instructions, Savillon commonly supplied his place. But Savillon's hand was not like the other's; I felt something from its touch not the less delightful gentleness with a sort of a sadness too, as it

from carrying a sort of fear along with that delight; it was like a pulse in the soul." How beautiful and true is the expression: "It was like a pulse in the soul?" but it need not be pointed out to any one who has ever loved. Savillon's feelings on leaving France are interestingly told. I have read somewhere that it is a greater trial to leave one's country, when one must cross the sea. There is such a solemnity in a pilgrimage, the first steps of which are on the ocean. It seems as if a gulf were opening behind you, and your return becoming impossible. Besides, the sight of the main always profoundly impresses us, as the image of that infinitude which perpetually attracts the soul, in which thought ever feels herself lost. Travelling, say what we will, is one of the saddest pleasures in life. If you ever feel at ease in a strange place, it is because you have begun to make it your home: but to traverse unknown lands; to hear a language which you hardly comprehend; to look on faces unconnected with either your past or future; this is solitude without repose or dignity. For the hurry to arrive where no one awaits you, that agitation whose sole cause is curiosity, lessens you in your own esteem, until new objects can become bound to you by some sweet links of sentiment and habit. Julia hears that Savillon marries in Martinique: her heart still remains faithful to him, but a neighbor by the name of Montauban, a Spaniard, seeks her hand; he aids her father in his ruined fortunes, and more out of gratitude than love she at last consents to become his. Her maid Lisette gives a description of her at the marriage ceremony: "I think I never saw a more lovely figure than my lady's; she is a sweet angel at all times, but I wish your ladyship had seen how she looked then. She was dressed in a white muslin night-gown, with striped lilac and white ribands; her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Bellville, with two waving curls down one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls; you made her a present of them. And to be sure, with the dark-brown locks resting upon it, her bosom looked as pure white as the driven snow. And then, her eyes, when she gave her hand to the Count! they were cast half down, and you might see her eye-lashes, like strokes of a pencil over the white of her skin; the modest

were, and a gentle heave of her bosom at break. As I passed that hall the door was the same time.

Savillon, in a letter to Beauvarais, recalling the days of his early love, says: "There was indeed something in the scene around us, formed to create those romantic illusions. The retreat of Roubigné is a venerable pile, the remains of ancient Gothic magnificence, and the grounds adjoining to it are in that style of melancholy grandeur which marks the dwellings of our forefathers. One part of that small estate, which is still the appendage of this once respectable mansion, is a wild and rocky dell, where tasteless wealth has never warred on nature, nor even elegance refined or embellished her beauties. The walks are only worn by the tread of the shepherds, and the banks only smoothed by the feeding of their flocks. There, too dangerous society! have I passed whole days with Julia; there, more dangerous still! have I passed whole days in thinking of her. A circumstance trifling in itself added not a little to the fascination of the rest. The same good woman who nursed me was also the nurse of Julia. She was too fond of her foster-daughter, and too well treated by her, ever to leave the fortunes of her family. To this residence she attended them when she left Belville; and here, too, as at that place, had a small house and garden allotted her. It was situated at the extreme verge of that dell I have described, and was often the end of those walk we took through it together. The good Lasune (for that is our nurse's name) considered us her chidren, and treated us, in those visits to her little dwelling, with that simplicity and affection which has the most powerful effect on hearts of sensibility. Oh, Beauvarais! methinks I see the figure of Lasune, at this moment, pointing out to your friend, with rapture in her countenance, the beauties of her lovely daughter! She places our seats together; she produces her shining platters, with fruit and, milk for our repast; she presses the smiling Julia, and will not be denied by Savillon! Am I then a thousand leagues distant! * * * Where now are Roubigné's little copses; where his winding walks, his nameless rivulets; where the wired gate of his venerable dwelling, the gothic windows of his echoing hall! The morning on which I set out for Paris is still fresh on my memory. I could not bear the formality of parting, and stole from his house by day-VOL. VIII. NO. I. NEW SERIES.

break. As I passed that hall the door was open; I entered to take one last look, and bid it adieu! I had sat in it the night before with Julia; the chairs we had occupied were still in their places. You know not, my friend, what I felt at the sight; there was something in the silent attitude of those chairs that wrung my heart beyond the power of language; and I believe the servant had told me that my horses waited five or six times over, before I could listen to what he said."

Montauban discovers the miniature of Savillon; jealous feelings immediately agitate him, and

"sweep like a stormy rack
In fleet succession o'er his clouded soul."
Graha

Savillon returns to France, wealthy, (the report of his marriage was untrue;) he finds his friend Beauvarais dead; Julia the wife of another. They have one interview at old Lasune's, which will draw tears from the sternest eye.* Montauban is aware of their meeting; Julia returns; he administers poison to her in some medicine. Montauban writes: "Had you seen her when these trembling hands delivered her the bowl! She had complained of being ill, and begged to lie alone; but her illness seemed of the mind, and when she spoke to me she betrayed the embarrassment of guilt. I gave her the drug as a cordial. She took it from me, smiling, and her look seemed to lose its confusion. She drank my health. She was dressed in a white silk bed-gown, ornamented with pale pink ribands. Her cheek was gently flushed from their reflection; her blue eyes were turned upwards as she drank, and a dark brown ringlet lay on her shoulder. Methinks I see her now; how like an angel she looked! Had she been innocent, Segarva! You know, you know it is impossible * * * When she can be innocent. I was returning to my apartment, I heard the sound of music proceeding from my wife's chamber; there is a double door in it; I opened the outer one without any noise. and the inner one has some panes of glass at the top through which I saw part of the room, Segarva! She sat at the organ, her fingers pressing on the keys, and her look upraised with enthusiastic rapture! The solemn

^{* &}quot;The sweets of love are washed with tears." CAREW.

sounds still ring in my ear! such as angels might play when the sainted soul ascends to heaven up." The unfortunate and innocent Julia perishes.

"Violets plucked the sweetest rain Make not fresh, nor grow again." BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Montauban, toe late, is assured of the purity of his wife, and destroys himself. Montauban is a genuine Spaniard. As Leigh Hunt well says, St. Dominic was a Spaniard. So was Borgia; so was Philip the Second. There seems to be an inherent semi-barbarism in the character of Spain, which it has never got rid of to this day. If it were not for Cervantes, and some modern patriots, it would hardly appear to belong to the right European community. Even Lope de Vega was an inquisitor, and Mendoza, the entertaining author of Lazarillo de Tormes, a cruel statesman. Cervantes, however, is enough to sweeten a whole peninsula.

Perhaps I love the letters of Julia de

Roubigné more than I otherwise should, from the name of her residence, "Belville." I am writing this essay in the lovely city of Newark, and a few miles above it, on the banks of the Passaic river, is the pretty little village of Belville; a pleasant walk or drive from Newark, and still more delightful as a sail on a fine summer's evening, when the moon is throwing its radiance on the water and shore, and the boat glides noiselessly along, "save the light drip of the suspended oar;" and as I pass the cemetery on its bank, where repose the remains of one inexpressibly dear to me, I drop a tear to her memory. Time has assuaged the bitterness of my grief, but added to the poignancy of my regrets.*

No one can forget Mackenzie's novels; they came from his soul, they have pierced the souls of others. Their quiet traits and descriptions of human life and nature are delicately tinted by a refined fancy, and enriched by noble affections. We arise saddened from their perusal, with our feelings ceeply touched, but, at the same time, invigorated with a determination to be good and sincere, faithful and honest. They cast off from the soul the impurities and bitternesses which so often sully it by a contact with the world. They appeal to those primal emotions which are common to us all. We all have our gentle reminiscences, -- persons and things to which we cling with obstinate affection,—and the thoughts of them often cheer us in gloom and despondency. We look back with pensive regret to a mother and father's love and care; to the house we were born in; to the books we read long, long ago; to our visit to the theatre for the first time; to the first paintings and engravings we saw: these are all colored by sen-

around his father's dwelling, he feels the calm of that peaceful hour mingling with the thousand associations that combine to form his most vivid and poetical idea of sunset. In this manner we not unfrequently single out from the works of art some favorite object upon which we bestow an interest so deep, a regard so earnest, that they wear the character of admiration which no perceptible quality in the object itself can justify, and which other beholders are unable to understand. In a collection of paintings, we look around for those which are most worthy of general notice, when suddenly our attention is struck with one little unpretending picture almost concealed in an obscure corner, and totally unobserved by any one besides.

"It is the representation of a village church, the very church where we first learned to feel, and, in part, to understand the solemnity of the Sabbath. Beside its venerable walls are the last habitations of our kindred, and beneath that dark and mournful yew is the ancient pastor's grave. Here is the winding path so familiar to our steps, when we trod the earth more lightly than we do now; the stile, on which the little orphan girl used to sit, while her brothers were at play; and the low bench beside the cottage-door, where the ancient dame used to pore over her Bible in the bright sunshine. Perhaps the wheels of Time have rolled over us with no gentle pressure since we last beheld that scene; perhaps the darkness of our present lot makes the brightness of the past more bright. Whatever the cause may be, our gaze is fixed and fascinated, and we turn away from the more wonderful productions of art to muse upon that little picture again and again, when all but ourselves have passed it by without a thought."— The Poetry of Life.

^{*&}quot;Impressions made upon our minds by local circumstances are frequently of so deep and durable a nature, as to outlive all the accidents of chance and change which occur to us in after life. Should the poet or painter in his study endeavor to place before his mind's eye the picture of a brilliant sunset, he insensibly recalls that scenery in the midst of which his youthful fancy was first warmed into poetic life by the 'golden day's decline.' He sees, bright and gorgeous with sunbeams, the distant hill which his boyish fancy taught him to believe it would be the height of happiness to climb; the sombre woods that skirt the horizon; the valley, misty and indistinct below; the wandering river, whose glancing waters are here and there touched as they gleam 'out with the radiance of the resplendent west; and while memory paints again the long, deep shadows of the trees that grew

more vivid pleasures than all the tame realities of daily life ? We cling to the past as a priceless boon; we are sure of it; the joys belonging to it are lodged beyond the reach of fate. The future is dark and uncertain, clouds and darkness rest upon it. Justly has it been said, "that real sentiment is the truest, the most genuine, and the most lasting thing on earth."* It preserves the

timent, and do they not afford us truer and only identity, save that of consciousness, which man with certainty retains; it links the different periods of our life together; thoughts are awakened, fresh, fragrant, beautiful and pure as the lily, graceful and pliant as the waving willow branch. Stern and sad memorials of the past also arise, but so softened by time, their asperities so mitigated, that they even afford a subdued pleasure. Sentiment, the eye glancing inward, and revealing to us the hoarded secrets of human bosoms, give us more true knowledge than all our boasted reason affords.

Newark, N. J., June, 1851.

* "Sentiment is of three kinds: plain, honest, manly, simple-the outbarsting of an uncorrupted heart; or graceful and refined, cultivated by education, elevated by society, purified by religion; or else of that magnificent and swelling character, such as fills the breast of the patriot and the genuine philanthropist. The sentiment of old Izaak Walton—to take examples from books answers to the first; the sentiment of Mackenzie

and Sterne, to the second; the sentiment of Wordsworth, and Burke, and Shakspeare, to the third."-W. A. Jones's "Essays upon Authors and Books."

HOPE.

Is there Hope? my Spirit cried, Bending to the Crucified. Live in Hope! a voice replied.

Life is but a gate of Night Opening on the realms of Light, Trial for the Neophyte.

Life is but a broken arch, O'er which Man must boldly march, Unto Eden's gloomy porch:

Gloomy porch my Eden hath, Frowning o'er a rugged path; And its gate is kept by Death.

Boldly tread the narrow way-You will find the endless Day When this dream has passed away.

Seek not thou unmanly ease; Firmly breast the raging Seas, Till you reach Hesperides.

Is there Hope? my Spirit cried, Bending to the Crucified. Hope is Life! a voice replied.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

dency to recall attention to his works. He lived to multiply his presence in countless loving hearts, and has gone to sing elsewhere than on earth. His name is a word of benediction to all who have felt the influence of his kindly spirit. Not without a tear we resign to nature the dust-garment woven by the spirit around itself, but a holy calm succeeds when we are permitted to shake hands with the real being across the "bourne whence no traveller returns." We see not the soul now, we saw it not in life. Its thoughts, its feelings, its aspirations, have been embalmed for us with an art more mysterious than that of the old Egyptians. As the aged Jeronemite said to Wilkie in the Escurial, while looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, that he had come to regard the abiding figures in the picture as realities, and the living, more than one generation of whom-his seniors, those of equal age, as well as many younger than himself-he had seen pass away as shadows; so we now turn to the works of the poet, and easily persuade ourselves that we have the reality, while only the shadow has departed.

Juvenal made the inquiry, not more significant eighteen centuries ago than to-day: Quis custodiet custodes? If we ponder it well, we shall find that this is the question of questions. "Who shall keep the keepers?" asks the spirit of humanity in every age. Such a one is the expressed or unexpressed need, the dumb or articulate want, of each generation. Of skilful workmen the supply is tolerably abundant at all times, but there must be also a divine planner of work. Cunning fingers must be guided by some cunning soul. Very good judges may

The death of Wordsworth has had a ten-, office of judge is a nonentity until the Heaven-sent legislator makes his appearance. The world has many a pertly-talking Cousin, but Plato alone is philosophy. Men of talent are sown over the ages, while nature seems to grudge the fire of genius. Many useful verse-makers exist to cut a set of diamonds dug from nature's mine only by the true poet. An age without its gifted inventor, without its law-giver, without its poet, must live over the old life, walk by hearsay, and subsist on We have at least a dumb conimitation. sciousness that our well-being on this planet depends upon our insight into the nature of our existence, and we are always ready to ask help of him whose vision is clearer than our own. We welcome, therefore, the true seer. He is eyes for the world; he is the true keeper of the keepers.

> Foremost among these is the true poet. He is an intuitive seer; something more than a seer. Novalis says: "The fresh gaze of a child is richer in significance than the forecasting of the most indubitable seer." The poet is the full-grown child. For him creation retains its wonder, its sanctity, its grandeur. Each returning season the flower blooms mysteriously as at first. The voice of Deity in storm or ocean loses not its significance. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light," is written for him on the face of nature as often as morning opens its eyelids. When the sun rises, he forgets that it has ever risen before, and,

"with earnest voice, As if the thought were not a moment old, Claims absolute dominion for the day."

The poet alone is able to answer the old Sphinx that sits by the highway of life, interrogating each passer-by, for he looks be found among any people, but the very upon all things as though they had just

^{*} Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D.C. L. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. Edited by Henry Reed. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. New Edition. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

sprung into existence at his own magic touch. While tottering with age he is a wandering child in a freshly-created world. "To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood," says Coleridge, "to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearance which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar.

"With sun and moon and stars throughout the year, And man and woman;"

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents." Goethe says: "Old age does not make childish, as men say; it only finds us still as true children."

One of these true world-children, whose home is everywhere in the heart of humanity, is Wordsworth. The mere verse-maker the artisan, working with imitative skill—is a kind of gipsey wanderer, homeless, friendless, and, to Apollo's household, worthless; while the true poet, the artist-is at length housed in the affections, warmed in the bosom of love, and at the feast of the gods is commanded by Jove himself to come up hither. Wordsworth, as a true poet, existed in unity. His life was not a widening arc, but a circle with continually lengthening radius. Many exist as a multitude of small arcs, with different radii, lacking unity, harmony, rotundity. There is no connection between their past and their future. They have no sympathy with what they have All the keys of their being are flats and sharps. The delicate fingers of Nature are answered by discordant tones. The poet alone, with his unity and harmony of being, understands the past, alone can prophesy of the future; for the continually full circumference of his life expands through the arcs of all fragmentary existences. Tenderly and beautifully, and out of his own heart, has Wordsworth expressed this fact:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die.
The child is father of the man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Wordsworth was sincere from the necesing-birds that sung around the grave of sity of his poetic constitution. To him may Pope, pierced with the poisoned arrows of

be applied the pregnant words of Novalis: "Man exists in truth. If he exposes truth, he exposes himself. If he betrays truth, he betrays himself." He spoke as the unsophisticated child always speaks-from the heart. Serpent-critics might hiss, but his time was too precious to waste with them. He who is conversing with angels, feels not the bite of vipers, He has other than carnal weapons with which to bruise their heads. Born among the hills, the favorite of nature, what did Wordsworth care for Jeffrey's ridicule, or the neglect of contemporaries? More than half a century he wrote and lived poetry. Hills and mountains put on for him looks of benediction; Nature smiled upon him in flowers, and sung to him her love with warbling tongues. He could afford to be laughed at by the foolish, to be hooted at by literary owls. What had he to do with the world's approbation? He was a born poet, and could not listen to the cry of critic or multitude. Like a benign spirit, he brooded over the world of affection and sentiment, and in being true to these, he was true to himself. His voice has been borne on the bosom of the mountain wind, and already the ear of humanity is ravished with its kindly tone. An age of imitation never recognizes the inspired teacher who is true to man in being true to his own nature. Just so far as the spiait of the times is false will the true poet be neglected. The one who tacks to catch the popular breeze, may run with great rapidity-alas, not often heavenwards. When the multitude are repenting, woe to those who have received their greatest favors, and joy to those who have raised heroic and prophetic voices of warning and true guidance! Happy the age in which a strong, devout soul converses with the Spirit of the universe in the hearing of Words of bitterness and of jest may be thoughtlessly uttered, but many shall learn to worship; seeing the light of consecrated genius that shines in truth and sincerity, they shall learn to glorify Him whose most perfect image is the divinest poet.

It is well for us to ascertain, as clearly as may be, Wordsworth's relation to his times. His name is associated with great changes in poetry and philosophy. He seems to be one of the connecting links between two very different periods. He saw the mocking-birds that sung around the grave of Pope, pierced with the poisoned arrows of

Gifford, and witnessed many symptoms of returning faith in nature. He beheld the close of an unbelieving age in the earthquake-shock and volcano-blaze of the French Revolution, and over the ruins heard the tone of violence softening into regret, or tembling with remorse—first indications of awakening spiritual life. Wordsworth in England, surrounded by Coleridge, Southey, Lloyd, Shelley, Scott, Keats, and Byron, we may dare to say, occupies a position somewhat analogous to that of Goethe, surrounded by Schiller and others, in Germany. Upon these two points, then, we must dwell, but briefly as their importance will permit.

In regard to changes in poetry, we may say that they are only new manifestations of the same thing modified by time and Poetry is poetry, in the vale of Cashmere or in Wyoming. As a part of history, it comes from within humanity. Its elements are every where the same, but these elements are combined in different proportions in different places. The material is every where the same, but it is shaped by external nature, or by existing institutions. With its elements there is often mixed a foreign element, at the dictation of a perverted or half-formed taste. Sometimes one or more of its elements is rejected. Criticism therefore often clips the wings of the poet, and then demands a flight against the storm; it lays a weight upon the spirit, and then demands a soaring aloft with joy. Poetry has its roots in the soul. Those faculties that create it will emancipate it from the bondage of narrow criticism, and will reanimate it when starved on imitation.

For more than half a century after the death of Pope, there was a poetical drought in the land of England. One should study that period well, if he would awaken in himself any feeling of regard for mosquitokilling Gifford. Dryden and Pope were not without a manly vigor of mind, and an earnest purpose. With the best helps of their times they studied the poetry of Greece and Rome. They learned to admire the beauties of ancient poetry, but did not catch the spirit of antiquity. The delicately thinking, the sensitive, the profoundly intellectual Greek, best represented by Plato, they did not understand. They listened to a far-off ravishing melody, and attempted to imitate it with a harmonic jingle. The names of bear the burden of sturdy young England's

neither of them comprehended the real meaning of Grecian mythology. We may safely say that Landor is the only English poet who has caught the genuine spirit of ancient Greece. Prior, Akenside, and many others have shown a familiarity with mythologic history, but that which is unexpressed, that indefinable something, that poetic air which the Grecian breathed, has rarely been felt. It cannot be trapped by a historical name. You might as well try to shut the sunlight in a room by closing the blinds. The external life of the Grecian was a kind of language which he unconsciously used in uttering his poetic thoughts. Grecian mythology, history, and philosophy must be understood and felt in order to get a clear insight into Grecian poetry. But let one study the subject until he carries all Greece in his bosom, yet what business has a Greek in modern England? Who will listen to one who speaks a dead language? English words may be used, but more than half the language may still be Grecian. Landor is a real ancient, a true genius, but there is little sympathy between him and the one who uses the language of the nineteenth century. If these things are true, then, in regard to one who has caught the spirit of classic antiquity, how much more are they true in regard to those who have merely remembered words without understanding their latent meaning. I would not say of Dryden and Pope, that they were only shadows of ancient poetry, and mirrors of French poetry. It is certain, however, that their poetry was an exotic on Saxon soil. The so-called correct school was certainly an artificial one. The bee-sting of Pope's satire, the diamond-flash of his wit, his power of pointed condensation, the elvish frolic of his fancy, indicated superior genius, although many elements that characterize the highest poetry were wanting. period of Queen Anne was a lamentable one in English literature, when viewed in relation to the preceding age, and as containing in itself the causes of future decay. English poets were irreverently saving sharp things over the graves of Shakspeare and Spenser, Johnson and Fletcher, Raleigh and Bacon. Strange that they should look for other than Teutonic gods. Woe to the age that re-Teutonic gods. garded as barbarian, those early ballads that

hopes and fears, jovs and sorrows, expressed! in strong melodious Saxon phrase, fresh and wholesome as the fields in early summer, uttered from the depths of stoutly-beating, earnest, valiant hearts! Degeneracy must follow such an age. Pope was imitated by those who could not see beyond his artificial style. Pope's genius enabled him to write vigorously in spite of an enervating manner. Those that meditated on the smoothness of his lines, the harmony of his couplets, the balancing position of cæsural pauses, were a spectacle to laughing gods and weeping Heroic England for once became sentimental, sipped delicate love potions from beautiful cups bearing unmentionable ornamental figures, played the courtier at St. Cupid's, waxed sickly and pale, and daubed a face once glowing with the hue of health thicker and thicker with French rouge. If there were some morsels of genuine poetry during this period, they were oases in Sahara, or gentle memories of early affection that wring a tear of sincerity from the withered soul of a roue. The greatest amount of that stuff called poetry was but the shadow of a shadow.

Change at length came, for the spirit of humanity, with Rhadamanthine severity, seizes upon an age of imitation. The hero of St. Crispin must fulfil his mission by crimping apish poets. The good-natured public, lashed to indignation, looked on approvingly. Readers were tired of scalding literary soup, and demanded a new course. They could relish better a paté-de-foie-gras literary dish, fresh from France, or the bottled moonshine of transcendental Germany. The popular heart demanded some degree of sincerity, and approved it even in sentimentality. It was apparent, both from what was rejected and what received, that earnestness was demanded. The reading public began to listen right reverently to the heart-tones of beer-gauging and beer-drinking Burns: alas for the age that had no other work for such a Nature's son to do! Memory of that age in English literature, more illustrious than the age of Augustus, Leo, or Pericles, was revived. A Cleopatra-muse was paid up to parting; nature and humanity were studied anew. In the reaction against the artificial school, Wordsworth has perhaps done more than any other one poet. He has done it, not by antagonism, but by exploring a new tract of nature and life. He has been the | philosophy. He followed the method of

teacher of Lamb, Southey, Wilson, Lloyd, and Coleridge; he has been affectionately regarded by Cornwall, Rogers, and Montgomery; Byron, with thievish skill, kept off attention by ridicule while he plundered; Scott loved him even to reverence; and a multitude of inferior poets have imbibed their inspiration from fountains which he opened. Whatever defects there may be in the poetry of our times, its freshness and vigor contrast greatly with the staleness and enervation of the old rhymes. The ear, sick of the jingle and tinkling of the last century, turns with delight to the more than earthly harmony of Coleridge, the Mozartmusic of Tennyson, and the organ-melody of Wordsworth. Poetry is once more true, because it is born from the union of the soul with nature.

Wordsworth has been called the greatest of metaphysical poets, hence it is necessary to ascertain his connection with changes in philosophy. We must begin back of the spiritual philosophy, in order to determine any thing in regard to its real influence. Only of general laws and most important results can we speak here.

Modern philosophy, although the daughter of scholasticism, is nevertheless its antagonist. It was not the authority of reason to which the philosophy of the middle ages submitted. Reason is the ruling authority in all modern philosophy. great Reformation, says Guizot, was an "insurrection of the human mind against authority." Descartes has given his name to the philosophy that was established on the ruins of scholasticism. Cartescanism recognizes the psychological method, by which the mind attempts to render an account to itself of what passes within itself, by which we take cognizance through consciousness of the scenes mirrored from the soul. It is not necessary for our present purpose to show how Cartescanism was developed until it embraced the first thinkers of Europe. It enlisted the services of the meditative Malebranch, of the mathematical Leibnitz, of the solitary and rigorous Spinoza, and found its professor in the learned and pedantic Wolf, who clothed it in a severe and orderly dress. As the result of awakened attention in speculation, appeared the "Critical History of Philosophy," by Brucker.

Locke was an offspring of the Cortesian

Descartes, and sought to analyze consciousness. His error was that he took part for the whole. He found certain elements of mind, built up his system on those, and rejected the rest. He saw nothing beyond perception and reflection. In England his philosophy was not carried to its last practical results. It was demonstrated by Condillac in France, that reflection, according to the system of Locke, was nothing but a modified sensation. In his "Traité des Sensations," he regarded sensation as the only instrument of consciousness. Reason, attention, comparison, all come from sensation. The soul is nothing but intelligence; all intelligence is the result of sensation; hence the soul itself is sensation. The metaphysician must be followed by the moralist. Helvetius came to prove that morality consists in shunning disagreeable sensations, and seeking pleasing ones. Duty shall henceforth be agreeable and easy. A new code, in which pleasure is the foundation principle, and self-interest the highest law, was the production of St. Lambert. A system so neat and beautiful must be carried to its practical application in every institution. Physiology was regarded as only a combination of functions, as the soul was regarded as only a collection of sensations. What is government but a collection of individuals, the law of whose being is pleasure? What supreme law could there be then but the desire of the multitude? It is melancholy to think that a devout English soul should be the author, indirect indeed, of such a spreading, all-embracing system of sensualism. The malady spread until all France was infected. Every French heart leaps in the belief that pleasure evermore shall be the true philosophy of life. Alas, facilis descensus Averni! It is sorrowful to trace the effects of the new gospel of sensualism among an intelligent, joyous-hearted people. The acts of its apostles are counted by tons of written and printed sheets. Vol-taire scoffings, Diderot love-letters, and works which lips that would remain unsoiled may not name, were the results of such a comprehensive system. From Paris there flowed a stream of fiction, compared with which the Styx itself were drinkable. The A-Theos, brooding over a sea of human passion, said, "Let there be darkness, and there was darkness." Anon the sea is disturbed by the breath of coming storm. Zig-zag,

linked lightnings of hate flash through the murky atmosphere. The muttered thunders of antagonism fall heavily on the ear, and the earth trembles beneath the heavy tread of approaching revolution. Mortals with quaking hearts attempt to hide themselves in vain. Floods of fire are poured from the bursting bosom of the clouds; Phlegethon-rivers with awful gleaming roar around; and over that sea of passion, instead of darkness, there is now lurid light. Beautiful gospel of Pleasure! Its leaven is potent; its unholy spirit illumines the world. The voices of its disciples are heard from the charnel-house of drunkenness and lust, crying with hollow, sepulchral accents, "Eat and drink, for to-morrow ye die." Beautiful gospel of Pleasure! Its baptism is that of blood, its worship is that of self, the most saintly distributors of its holy charities were Danton and Robespierre, Mirabeau and St. Just. Its Pentecostal days were those of July.

England and Germany were saved from the last results of such a philosophy by almost opposite causes. The English mind is too sober to act upon an untried theory. Common sense prevails, and preserves from those eccentricities of action to which the French with their ardent feelings are subject. The English were sufficiently prone to sensualism, but they were not ready for the sake of an idea to try an experiment which would put at hazard their boasted civil and political institutions. Immobility has been the characteristic of England, while mobility has been that of France. On the other hand Germany is not the soil for a rank growth of sensualism. The German mind was somewhat infected, but only for a short time. The German spirit by no means in-The erudite German clines to materialism. could find even in Aristotle, and most especially in Plato, something more than a sensual philosophy. The gospel of Pleasure, however, was not without its influence in Germany. There was a general feeling, not only that happiness is our being's end and aim, but also that we are entitled to happiness. Pleasure is a Proteus that is never caught by direct seeking. He that would save his own soul shall lose it. Happiness did not come for the bidding; a belief in the right to it was nevertheless entertained. When mortals receive not what they conceive to be their due, they indulge in selfpity, flatter themselves to tears, and give the highest seat in their hearts to the angel of sorrow. Such for a season was the condition of the popular German mind. This feeling found a tongue in the Werther of Goethe, which was followed by innumerable hoots, howls, and sentimental brays. There is still another phase of the same feeling. When the heart receives not the happiness to which it conceives itself entitled, instead of sorrow, anger is apt to follow. Hence the loud and bitter complaining of Byron. With his fierce, strong, passionate nature, he could scream the loudest of all Europe's crying With Mephistopheles-shriek he children. could pierce the ears of the Muses, and at intervals smile defiance at the gods. Heroic soul, and worthy of a better mission! Some strains of diviner music are continually bursting forth from a spirit that knows the good while pursuing the wrong.

Against sensualism a reaction at length came. It first appeared in Scotland, and was but little more than a mere protestation of common sense against the extravagances of empiricism. Reid was by no means profound, but was healthy. He is regarded as one of the founders of rational psychology, but he was rather the denier of the old system than the constructer of the new. Germany was the place for the development of the spiritual philosophy. Kant with great vigor described, classified, and enumerated the laws of reason. He regarded the laws by which we gain a knowledge of external things, of Deity, and of what passes within our own minds, as properties of the thinking subject. He considered thought the only real world. Upon all external things he would impose the subjective laws of thought. Fichte went farther than Kant, not only regarding all outward things as subjected to the laws of reason, but also as inductions of the thinking principle. Kant taught that a conception of God is an irresistible thought of the soul. Fichte regarded Deity as thought itself, conceived in an absolute sense—as the me. In fairness, however, it should be stated that Fichte distinguishes two mes: the one, that of which we are conscious; the other, the absolute, or Deity. When one speaks of God as an absolute me, he has arrived at the highest heaven of transcendentalism. Fichte has found an honest, sharp-sighted representative on this side of the ocean, who is now

preaching to his Yankee friends this sublime nonsense. This spiritualism, modified in various ways, has deeply tinged all the literature of Germany. The eclectics have imported an element of it into France. It colors the best poetry of England and America to-day. The leaders in this direction were Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley; Tennyson, Keats, and others followed; and no one who has read *Manfred* will require to be told that Byron at least knew the way. Goethe, after telling the tale of sorrow that rested on the heart of Germany, led off with manly strength in the new course, and could then say:—

"What shapest thou here at the world? 'Tis shapen long ago; The Maker shaped it, and thought it were best

even so.

Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest;
Thy journey's begun, thou must move and not rest;
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,
And running, not raging, will win thee the race."

Although Coleridge studied German philosophy more thoroughly than Wordsworth, the latter nevertheless must be regarded as the leader in the new school of poetry. In proof of this position, we need to quote only a single passage, composed as early as 1798, on the banks of the Wye, while he was visiting the ruins of Tintern Abbey:—

"Nature then (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days, And their glad animal movements, all gone by) To me was all in all. I cannot paint What then I was. The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colors and their forms, were then to me An appetite: a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm By thought supplied, or any interest Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past, And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts Have followed, for such loss I would believe Abundant recompense. For I have learned To look on nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes The still, sad music of humanity, Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence which disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean, and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man; A motion, and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things."

Wordsworth in this respect, receiving a bias from the philosophic spirit of the age, has not only influenced poets, both great and small, but also writers of every kind. The spiritual philosophy is no longer confined to rarely read poems; it ensouls much of current fiction, and has touched the heart of many an eloquent divine. The realities of things are no longer considered as residing in their visible, tangible forms, but in the

underlying spirit.

This question of transcendentalism is a very difficult one to discuss. We may have "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused," it may be that every thing has its celestial side, yet the imagination colors the external world. It is perhaps impossible to determine to what degree feeling is awakened by the spirit of nature, and to what extent nature is clothed upon by feeling. The attentive reader of Hegel will not be likely to regard the subject as a light one. It is hard to decide whether we sympathize with an object in nature or not until it is invested with some attribute of our own being. Nature, as the oldest book of revelation, in which are written laws of Deity, has significance, but only for thinking souls. The precise relation between the "macrocosm" and the "microcosm" we know not how to determine. "Let him," says Herder, " to whom nature exhibits no plan, no unity of purpose, hold his peace, nor venture to give her expression in the language of poetry. Let him speak, for whom she has removed the veil, and displayed the true expression of her features. He will discover in all her works connection, order, benevolence, and purpose. His own poetical creation too, like that creation which inspires his imagination, will be a true χοσμος, a regular work, with plan, outlines, meaning, and ultimate design, and commend itself to the understanding as a whole, as it does to the heart by its individual thoughts and interpretations of nature, and to the sense by the animation of its objects. In nature, all things are connected, and for the view of man are connected by their relation to what is human. The periods of time, as days and years, have their relation to the age of man. Countries and climates have a principle of unity in the one race of man; ages and worlds in the one eternal cause, one God, one Creator. He is the eye of the universe, giving expression to its otherwise boundless void,

and combining in a harmonious union the expression of all its multiplied and multiform features." This position we cannot deny, unless we adopt the totally subjective philosophy of Fichte. The following language of our poet then, surveyed from this point of view, has a divine meaning, as well as sublimity and beauty:—

"But for the growing youth What soul was his, when, from the naked top Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun Rise up, and bathe the world in light? He looked—Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were

touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love."

On the other hand, the poet gives as well as receives. Vivid perception and deep feeling are necessarily transcendental.

"The poets, in their elegies and songs,
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
And senseless rocks: nor idly; for they speak,
In these their invocations, with a voice
Obedient to the strong creative power
Of human passion. Sympathies there are
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought."

So when we look on nature, we feel that

"Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man Than the mute Agents stirring there."

In Wordsworth, passion was not so strong as sentiment. He was just the opposite of Byron in this respect. In Byron, nature is often colored with really lurid hues of passion. There were times in which

"His mind became, In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought, A whirling gulf of fantasy and flame."

For Wordsworth, nature never put on a look of hate, nor spoke in tones of anger. We see in the following exquisite passage,

from "Vandracour and Julia," how the appears the humanity of Wordsworth. passion of love is made to color external objects; yet it is not an unbridled passion; it is one controlled by moral sentiment:-

"Arabian fiction never filled the world With half the wonders that were wrought for him. Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring; Life turned the meanest of her implements Before his eyes to price above all gold; The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine; Her chamber window did surpass in glory The portal of the dawn; all paradise Could, by the simple opening of a door, Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks, Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank, Surcharged, within him, overblest to move Beneath a sun that walks a weary world To its dull round of ordinary cares; A man too happy for mortality."

Another passage, from the poem of "Ruth," will show that "noble sentiment" was active while imagination was investing nature with a gorgeous robe of voluptuousness. The poem is in a strain at once passionate and daring, but the incidents of a romantic story are related without a single impurity of expression. The oriental scenery awakens in a bold youth a wild desire, but the poet's moral nature demands that there should "intervene pure hopes of high intent." The following stanzas, besides illustrating the point in discussion, are of themselves a gem of beauty :-

"The wind, the tempest roaring high, The tumult of a tropic sky, Might well be dangerous food For him, a youth to whom was given So much of earth, so much of heaven, And such impetuous blood.

"Whatever in those climes he found Irregular in sight or sound, Did to his mind impart A kindred impulse, seemed allied To his own powers, and justified The workings of his heart.

"Nor less to feed voluptuous thought, The beauteous forms of nature wrought Fair trees and lovely flowers; The breezes their own languor lent; The stars had feelings which they sent In those gorgeous bowers.

" Yet in his worst pursuits, I ween That sometimes there did intervene Pure hopes of high intent; For passions link'd to forms as fair And stately, needs must have their share Of noble sentiment."

Most especially in this region of poetry | Which, mid the calm oblivious tendencies

hears

" Humanity, in groves and fields, Pipe solitary anguish;"

and even in the "silent city of the dead," he says, we know

"That all beneath us by the wings are covered Of motherly Humanity, outspread And gathering all within their tender shade."

The study of nature is above all things calculated to awaken this feeling. "Poetry, which concerns itself with the deeds of men, says Herder, who can here speak with authority, "often in a high degree debasing and criminal, that labors, with lively and affecting apprehensions, in the impure recesses of the heart, and often for no very worthy purpose, may corrupt as well the author as the reader. The poetry of divine things can never do this. It enlarges the heart, while it expands the view, renders this serene and contemplative, that energetic, free and joyous. It awakens a love, an interest, and a sympathy for all that lives. It accustoms the understanding to remark on all occasions the laws of nature, and guides our reason to the right path." What Herder thus says as a critic, Wordsworth says as a poet in the following passage:-

" For the man, Who in this spirit communes with the Forms Of Nature, who with understanding heart Doth know and love such Objects as excite No morbid passions, no disquietude, No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel The joy of that pure principle of Love So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose But seek for objects of a kindred love In Fellow-natures and a kindred joy. Accordingly he by degrees perceives His feelings of aversion softened down; A holy tenderness pervade his frame. His sanity of reason not impaired, Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear, From a clear Fountain flowing, he looks round And seeks for good, and finds the good he seeks; Until abhorrence and contempt are things He only knows by name; and, if he hear, From other mouths, the language which they speak He is compassionate; and has no thought, No feeling, which can overcome his love."

We may safely say that no poet, of any age, has traced, with so tender a spirit, with so mild an interest as Wordsworth,

"That secret spirit of humanity

Of nature, mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers, And silent overgrowings, atill survives."

Of the "two faculties of eye and ear," which belong to the "soul sublime and pure," the sense of the latter is much more delicate and exquisite than that of the former. For him the universe is flooded with music, rather than adorned with beautiful forms. The language of his holy affections has a tone of touching melody as well as love. While all his sentiments are sanctified by an intense feeling of humanity, they are etherealized by the spirit of that "beauty" that is

"born of murmuring sound."

In the wild scenes of nature he listens to a music that is only suggested as an ideal by an overture of Beethoven or an opera of Mozart. Some of the very finest passages of Wordsworth's poetry will be lost upon one who cannot understand how

"the ear converses with the heart."

For him-

Which, in his tuneful course, the mind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths and dashing
shores;"

And with reference to two huge peaks that appear in the distance, peering from one vale into another, "lofty brethren," that "bear their part in the wild concert," he says:—

"Nor have Nature's laws
Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of a finer tone; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice; the clouds,
The mists, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come thither—touch,
And have an answer—thither come and shape
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits."

The following passage, in which he is speaking of the "unenlightened swains of pagan Greece," reveals to us perhaps the very birth of Apollo:—

"In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched On the soft grass through half a summer's day, With music lulled his indolent repose; And in some fit of weariness, if he, When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched, Even from the blazing Chariot of the Sun, A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute, And filled the illumined groves with ravishment."

Even the spirit of love calls to its aid the

sister spirit of music, giving a tone of humanity to the

"warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair."

The "faculties of eye and ear" are both exhibited together at times, but the latter in a superior degree, as in the following very remarkable passage:

"Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have a sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a money travel thither.

Can in a moment travel thither;
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And HEAR the mighty waters rolling evermore."

While keeping in view the perplexing question of the soul's relation to the external world, we have illustrated the finest characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry. We are, however, no nearer determining the question than at the outset. Some will contend that nature receives all its significance from the human spirit, others that man is related to the spirit of the universe, as the shell to the sea:

"Apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

We would reject either extreme, yet are unable to determine the medium ground; we can only say with Novalis, "Nature is an Eolian harp, a musical instrument; those tones again are keys to higher strains in us." The greatness of the poet appears the same, whether in reality he transfers his feelings and thoughts to nature, or nature awakens feelings and thoughts in him with a power all her own. Neither nature is made for man nor man for nature. The adaptation of one to the other is perfect. You might as well subject the violin and the bow to chemical analysis, in order to ascertain the elements of Paganini's music, as to put nature and the soul of man into a metaphysical crucible, in order to determine the ingredients of that poetry which is born of their union.

In close connection with this question is the subject of imagination. Every element of man's mental nature, with the exception of pure reason, may manifest itself in the region of imagination. Form and color, feeling and sentiment, music and beauty, may, together or separately, as the image has more or less characteristics of the creative soul, lend their charms and give the spirit of life. Fancy contents itself with describing in a delicate, lively, pleasing, or luxurious manner that which really exists. Imagination always creates. It stops only at the elements of things, for of a new element the mind cannot conceive. The highest imagination has almost an infinite power of combination. We may, however, deduce two laws of its operation. It adds, in the first place, other elements to objects already existing, or combines parts of existing objects into new ones. Again, it creates objects out of the very elements of things, of which the world of form and life exhibits no real types. This distinction is somewhat arbitrary, and the point in the line which marks the extent of the first law, and the commencement of the second, it is perhaps impossible to locate; but for the sake of clearness of expression, it may be adopted.

Illustrations of the first law abound in all genuine poets. One of the most beautiful manifestations of this kind of imagination is the investment of external objects with human feelings: some have even regarded this as the whole province of imagination. We have, therefore, "weeping willows," "sleeping moonbeams," "dancing terrors," &c. With reference to the nudity of Godiva, Tennyson says:—

"The shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers."

Shakspeare's King Lear could be eech the elements to have mercy on an old man, because "ye yourselves are old." The conception of many fabulous beings — the cherubim and seraphim of Hebrew poetry, the phoenix, and those well known in classical poetry—is a result of the creative power of imagination, not combining the very elements of things, but combining parts of real objects in nature. The cherubim, for illustration, were compounded of several distinct animals. The Hebrews say, in a proverb, "There are four creatures of stateliness and pride in the world: the lion among the wild beasts; the ox among the tame; the eagle among birds; and man above all;" and these were united in the formation of the cherubim. Ezekiel says :-

"In all the four-fold visaged four was seen The face of man; the right a lion, and an ox The left distinguished, and to all the four Belonged an eagle's visage. By itself Distinct, their faces and their wings they each Extended upward, joining thus, it seemed, Two wings for flight, while two their bodies veiled."

In the same manner the sphinx of the Egyptians, the griffin of the northern mythology, and the dragon of the Greeks, may be decomposed. In the poetry of all nations, we find this peculiar manifestation of the imagination. Its operations are extended to inanimate as well as animate nature.

It is difficult to select examples exhibiting the purely creative power of imagination. We might find opponents if we should cite the demons of the Orphic hymns, the Izeds of the Parsi, the Elohim, the Achadim, and Adonim of the Hebrews, the Lahi of the Thibetians; but most will concede to us the gods of Homer, Dante's "Inferno," and the superhuman creations of Shakspeare. We find real manifesfations of this kind of imagination in "Paradise Lost," and in Goethe's "Faust."

The imagination, then, is not a single faculty of mind, but a manifestation of various combinations of its elements, joined with intense activity. The creations of imagination may therefore be characterized by beauty or deformity, purity or depravity, harmony or discord, sublimity or loveliness, love or hatred. The human soul creates in its own image. It requires imagination to paint the Witch of Endor, as well as the Virgin. Let any one read that awful description in Dante, commencing with the lines.

"O quanto parve a me gran meraviglia, Quando vidi tre facce alla sua testa!"

and he will be satisfied that imagination may busy itself with the lowest hell as well as with the highest heaven. It may produce

"Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,"

and may "body forth"

Could never be forgotten!"

Goethe's Mephistopheles is the most unholy creation of powerful imagination in all literature. If Faust is a devilish saint, Mephistopheles is a saintly devil. The sin

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of such a being is a yielding to the tempta- worth's could invest her with such charms tions of virtue, -a violation of his absolutely fiendish nature; of which he is indeed rarely guilty. As an escape from the nether region of imagination, let us glance at those Olympian-descended forms of virtue-forms, yet no forms, like figures of beauty dissolving in the soft twilight-ensouled by the spirit of Sophocles' imaginative genius. In "Œdipus Tyrannus," the chorus responds to Gocasta's scoffing profanity :-

и Монов 'Τψιποδες γ' ουρανιαν δ' αιθερ TEXE BENTES, ON ONUMOS Πατηρ μονος, ουδε νιν θνατα Φυσις ανερων ετιπτεν, ουδε Μηε ποτε λαθα κατακοιμασει. EN TOUTOL & OEOS, Ουδε γηρασκει."*

In consideration of these facts, we may say that Wordsworth is not equal in imagination to the greatest poets. He is inferior in this respect to Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton and Goethe, if not to others. At the same time we may say that he is superior to all in purity of imagina-We find no splendid images that rouse the unholy passions of our nature. His imagination weaves a vestal garb around every object with which it deals, clothes with hallowed affection, and infuses a controlling moral life. He leaves to the lip its ruby color, inviting to sip the nectar joy of earthly life, but makes you feel in your own nature the working of a higher law than than that of impulse, in obedience to which you must act, or joy will turn to sorrow. The naphtha fire of earth is not extracted, but a new tempering fire is added from heaven. The beings of his imagination are ensouled with the spirit of humanity, and breathe an atmosphere of music and love. When, according to poetic fancy, nature takes it into her head to "make a lady of her own," whose imagination but Words-

as awaken only holy and pure affection !-

"Three years she grew in sun and shower; Then Nature said, A lovelier flower On earth was never sown; This child I to myself will take ; She shall be mine, and I will make A lady of my own!

"Myself will to the darling be Both law and impulse; and with me The girl, in rock and plain, In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, Shall feel an overseeing power, To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn, That wild with glee across the lawn Or up the mountain springs; And hers shall be the breathing balm, And hers the silence and the calm Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend To her; for her the willow bend; Nor shall she fail to see, Even in the motions of the storm, Grace that shall mould the maiden's form By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear To her; and she shall lean on air In many a secret place, Where rivulets dance their wayward round, And beauty, born of murmuring sound, Shall pass into her face."

The following passage will show, in proof and illustration of our position, that music and sublimity may be used as ingredients, thus to speak, in the composition of imagination :-

"The towering headlands, crowned with mist, Their feet among the billows, know That ocean is a mighty harmonist; Thy pinions, everlasting air, Ever waving to and fro, Are delegates of harmony, and bear Strains that support the seasons in their round."

We cannot resist the temptation to copy one more passage which shows the presence of form, color and beauty, as well as other mental qualities, in a picture of the imagination with which but few equals are found in all literature. Something perhaps must be allowed for the reality, but imagination alone could see in the mountain mist, through which the sunbeams were playing, a picture which is described as follows:

" A single step, that freed me from the skirts Of the blind vapor, opened to my view Glory beyond all glory ever seen By waking sense or by the dreaming soul;

^{*} The following imperfect translation, in which the half personification of the original is lost, is by Dr. Francklin, of Oxford:-

[&]quot;Grant me, henceforth, ye powers divine,
In virtue's purest paths to trend;
In every word, in every deed,
May sanctity of manners ever shine;
Obedient to the laws of Jove,
The laws descended from above,
Which, not like those by feeble mortals given,
Burled in dark oblivion lie,
Or, worn by time, decay and die,
But bloom eternal, like their native heaven!"

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed. Was of a mighty city-boldly say A wilderness of building, sinking far And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth, Far sinking into splendor—without end ! Fabric it seemed of diamond and gold, With alabaster domes, and silver spires, And blazing terrace upon terrace, high Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright, In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt With battlements that on their restless fronts Bore stars-illumination of all gems! -

Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight! Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald

Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky, Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed, Molten together, and composing thus, Each lost in each, that marvellous array Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge Fantastic pomp of structure without name, In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped. Right in the midst, where interspace appeared Of open court, an object like a throne Beneath a shining canopy of state Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen To implements of ordinary use, But vast in size, in substance glorified; Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power, For admiration and mysterious awe. Below me was the earth; this little vale Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible-I saw not, but I felt that it was there, That which I saw was the revealed abode Of spirits in beatitude."

We have said that Wordsworth has been called the greatest of metaphysical poets. He is not in the right sense of the term a great philosophic poet. We find in his poems but little direct reasoning. He has constructed no philosophic system. Every real poet, however, is necessarily metaphysical. When Keats says, "the golden tongue of music flattered the old man to tears," he reveals to us a fact of man's nature, at which the philosopher arrives only by a painful interrogation of consciousness. Poets, for the most part unconsciously, have given tongue to the most recondite feelings and the most If Wordsworth is evanescent thoughts. really the most metaphysical, it is because he is the most meditative of poets. He was a disciple and a teacher of the spiritual philosophy, but that does not determine the question of his reasoning power. Readers and critics have mistaken perhaps his severe introspection, his intense meditation, for profound argumentation. He announces, but does not prove; he combines, but does not an-

be allowed the expression, he rather feels than sees. The heart of the poet tells truths, as well as the understanding of the philosopher. The latter may be more real to speculation, yet the former are more real to life. Wordsworth, therefore, saw the real property that man has in the affections, and made himself the champion of man's right to the immunities of feeling and the treasures of the heart. Hence, when we study him thoroughly, we come to regard him as a controversialist, and can understand why he was unshaken by the scoffs of criticism. when we learn that great principles of life were dearer to him than his own fame. He had faith in the laws of man's nature, revealed to him by feeling and meditation, and was therefore heroic and firm. As the great metaphysician of the feelings, he has not preserved consistency, for the feelings change with advancing experience and under the influence of different circumstances. We find in his poetry declarations of the existence of a creating and sustaining Deity. We find, also, clear statements of the doctrine of Pantheism. Again he states the Platonic notion of the soul's pre-existence. In the ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality," the sublimest one to be found in any language, we have the following statement of this pre-existence:-

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: The soul that rises with us, our life's star, Hath elsewhere its setting. And cometh from afar, Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home."

Each of these statements was no doubt real to him at the moment of utterance. Hence inconsistencies may be strung on a thread of truth, while falsehood may be woven into the even web of consistency. Plato would not have defended in earnest his doctrine of pre-existence. In regard to it, Wordsworth was in earnest only in a poetical sense. It is well known that Dante represents the soul as a little girl "weeping and laughing in its childish sport," knowing nothing save moved by its Creator, "willingly it turns to that which gives it pleasure. Turning away from the scare-crow of Pantheism, which our poet never meant to advocate, let us be contented with the followalyze. In the region of philosophy, if we may | ing beautiful and highly meditative sonnet:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.

Listen! the mighty Being is awake,

And doth with his eternal motion make

A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;

And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine, God being with thee when we know it not."

We are not sorry that no space is left to dwell upon positive faults. A want of a quick perception of the ridiculous has exposed Wordsworth to the poisoned arrows of wit and the playful sallies of humor; an advantage of which the Edinburgh critics were not slow to avail themselves. There was no affinity between the subtlety of Jeffrey's intellect and the subtlety of Wordsworth's heart. We are thankful for the wounds inflicted by Jeffrey, for we have, on account of them, a loftier example of heroic patience and unflinching purpose in Wordsworth. Again we may say that our poet is deficient in constructive power. None of his poems have a pleasingly entangled plot. None of his narratives have a winding thread that begets expectation and awakens interest. Also, while dwelling upon sentiments he loses sight of individual life; hence his poetry is deficient in dramatic effect. Again, while he has

Aloft, ascending and sinking down, Even to inferior kinds,"

we must believe that he has wasted the treasures of affection and the sweets of love upon many an unworthy object; that, in a holy endeavor to shield every living thing from contempt, he has gone into the opposite extreme from those poets who exclude

every thing but the shadows or the realities of a court. It would be no difficult thing to show glaring inconsistencies in his political views, yet they may be harmonized, perhaps, by shifting the application of his ideal. Now we hear the tone of eulogy, now the tone of denunciation; this is an echo of the past, that a prophecy of the future. We might also refer to many passages which show a redundancy of language, and to some which show that he at times invested commonplace thoughts with a drapery of expression altogether too gorgeous. From his poems we could pick some that might be placed among the finest specimens of art that have ever been written, yet we could wish that upon certain passages more care might have been bestowed. A theory, vicious in some respects, has led him, in many places, to use unpoetic language and imagery.

We desist. Who can bear to expose the foibles of a wise and venerable friend? Wordsworth occupies a sacred place in our heart. His spirit, that hovers in the mysterious drapery of words a living presence on the earth, shall remain to greet and bless millions that shall come hither in future ages from the unknown, and to pronounce, as one of the sacred ministers of the Word, benediction on them at their departure. From him may all devout poets take encouragement, and all profane ones take warning, for the Eternal will permit the stamp of immortality to be put only upon that which accords with his atributes of justice and mercy, wisdom and love. He has revealed to us new powers and susceptibilities of the heart, and the heart responds to his gentle touch with a deep feeling of sympathy and blessing. As long as English literature has a place for the wise Spenser, it will have one for the good Wordsworth.

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NATURE AND EFFECTS OF A PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

It is obvious to all reflecting minds, that under the present tariff we are importing foreign goods to an excessive extent. The drain of specie from the vaults of our banks, which is now going on in consequence, would most certainly produce a financial crisis, bringing ruin upon thousands, were it not for the supply of gold from California. This is putting off the evil day, but for how long no one can predict. As it is, others are taking from us by this system nearly all the advantages we so eagerly expected from our rich Pacific possessions. We are merely becoming the shippers of the treasures of that region for our more sagacious European rivals.

Under these circumstances we will be excused for again presenting in the simplest form another argument for protection to our

own industry in all its forms.

A tariff founded on constitutional authority, and at the same time wisely modified by all the necessities of the country to which it can apply, is a measure that cannot be successfully assailed. Some system of taxation must exist for the support of government; and none has ever been devised so faultless or so fit as this. Under its operation taxes are levied upon the people by their own voluntary action, and thus, as it were, by an invisible and unfelt agency; and the costs of collection have been estimated by high authority at one fifth only of the costs that would be incurred under a system of direct taxation. Thus, whatever is paid, is paid with the greatest possible convenience to the citizen; and the amount paid is less than it would be under a system of direct taxation by four fifths of the costs of the collection of the revenue under that system.

These premises are beyond the reach of material objection; and if true, there can be but one rational opinion as to the expediency of the tariff system.

But there is a further and direct pecuniavol. VIII. NO. I. NEW SERIES.

ry advantage derived through the operation of the tariff. This can be easily stated and illustrated. It is, that foreign States, in some degree, actually and substantially pay our revenue. But how is this effected? It is thus: Suppose the revenue necessary for the support of the Federal Government equal to \$25,000,000, (costs of collection, &c., included:) this sum must be raised in either one or the other of two ways, viz., by direct taxation, or by duties on foreign commerce: if by the former, then it is certain the government costs the people that sum, precisely; but if by the latter, then the question is, Have not foreign countries paid a part of the amount? Doubtless they have; and let us see by what process. Keeping in mind that twenty-five millions are to be raised-suppose we were at any time without a tariff, and that foreign goods could be bought in our markets at certain rates-any you please: for the time being the people pay the whole twenty-five millions, and buy their goods at the rates that may be: suppose now that subsequently it is thought fit by government to levy a tariff of twenty per cent. on all foreign goods sold in our markets, and which duty would precisely meet the expenses of government, to the entire relief of the people from direct taxation: in this case, and by the operation of a settled law of trade, the duty of twenty per cent. levied upon the foreign goods would not be added to the price which our citizens would be required to pay for them, but some smaller amount. The sum of twenty per cent, above the previous cost would be divided between the seller and the purchaser, the seller losing (it may be) five, and the purchaser fifteen of the twenty per cent. Now, each party losing in his respective proportion, the purchaser three fourths and the seller one fourth of the twenty per cent., which in the aggregate make up the twenty-five millions, it is obvious that the citizens of the country pay only eighteen

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States the remaining six and a quarter millions, which are made to the country by the transaction.

Perhaps some would say that, notwithstanding the apparent advantage to the country which this estimate exhibits, there is ultimately and substantially no advantage; since the gain of six and a quarter millions on the one hand is rebutted by the restraint inflicted on commerce on the other. But is the objection sound? Let us examine and see. The facts are these: Duties are laid on imported goods at twenty per cent. to the amount of twenty-five millions: to obtain this revenue the country pays fifteen per cent. more on the price for its goods-an increase equal to eighteen and three quarter millions. Now, the eighteen and three quarter millions are the measure of the restraint on commerce: strike the balance, and the country stands benefited by the transaction six and a quarter millions of dollars: the restraint on commerce answers to only three quarters of the relief from direct taxation; the remainder of that relief is so much clear To illustrate more familiarly: Suppose that without a tariff an individual were to pay the Federal Government \$1 revenue per annum, and at the same time paid for hats of a certain description at the rate of \$5 each: now, suppose a tariff of twenty per cent. levied on foreign goods; this on the foregoing hypothesis would remove the direct tax, and would raise the price of the hat seventy-five cents only. How, then, would the parties stand? They would stand thus: The Government would receive the same revenue as before, and the citizen as before would wear his hat; but the tariff would have the effect of compelling the foreigner to pay twenty-five cents of the dollar which the citizen paid before.

From this statement it is obvious that the Government receives the same income with or without the tariff, (supposing costs of collection, &c., equal in each case,) while it is equally obvious that the tariff has saved the citizen twenry-five cents, which he paid before, by making the foreigner pay

and three quarter millions, and the foreign | it. By the operation of the law the Government has lost nothing-the citizen has made twenty-five cents, and the foreigner has lost as much; and all has been done without the smallest injustice to any one. Neither can it be said that the restraint of the tariff on commerce curtails the enjoyments of the people by effectually curtailing the means of enjoyment in raising prices: because the means of enjoyment are equally as great as (even greater than) before; inasmuch as the people gain somewhat from the foreign States by the transaction, after both supporting government and buying the same amount of goods as before.

Again, it may be said, if, (according to the foregoing hypothesis,) while the price of foreign goods is raised by the operation of the tariff, the rise in price is more than compensated by releasing a greater amount in the form of direct tax; why is it that the foreigner has been forced to receive less for his goods? The ability of the country to pay for them being undiminished, and the supply remaining the same, why should the goods be sold lower ? The following explanation may suffice: When the citizen is discharged from direct taxation, the amount that he would otherwise pay to the Government remains in his own coffers, at his own absolute control and disposal. He is not obliged to invest it in one commodity more than another. It retains the general character of his private property, and he regards it only in that light. Suppose him now to go to a merchant to buy goods: suppose the merchant to inform him that the goods which he wants have risen fifteen per cent.; would he be influenced in his purchase by the consideration that the tax which he before paid was in his pocket? Not one cent more than if he had made the amount of his tax-bill by a bargain on the road; and that would have no appreciable effect. Men are not governed in their purchases by such motives; but they look to the relative value of commodities in general, and if an article rises in relation to other articles in general, (whether from natural or political causes,) they will buy in some degree the less of it. If corn, bacon, &c., remain at a fixed price, and the price of flour is doubled, it needs no demonstration to prove that less flour will be used than before, and this whether the rise is the effect of a tariff or

and necessity for the foreign merchant to lessen his profits (under the tariff) as strong as in any other case—notwithstanding the fact that in this case something from the very nature of trade is made to the country

by the action of the system.

Let us now examine its effect on the value and amount of home production, for this is an important department of inquiry on the subject, and should be well considered. How can it affect us in that quarter? In the following manner: Suppose England to bring goods to the United States, during any year, to the amount of twenty-five millions, for which she finds a market by taking in return the raw material, &c., which are produced here: suppose, also, that the next year a tariff of twenty per cent. is levied upon her merchandise by the Government of the United States: it cannot be denied that the tendency, at least, of such increase of duty is to diminish importation. The importation being diminished, and the foreigner less able to buy, the demand for our domestic produce is diminished, and, cateris paribus, its price must fall. Here an evil result seems to be fairly made out, though very indefinite in its character. But is it not very manifest, that though an evil, it must be extremely, if not insensibly small? Say that one thirtieth part of the exports of England is absorbed in our markets; that the imposition of the tariff diminishes their importation one twentieth of that amount, (which is perhaps much more than facts warrant us to suppose:) then the total demand will be diminished by the one six hundredth part of its original amount, only. Now, if such a diminution of demand will affect the price of an article, (as by the principle laid down we must allow,) how much will it affect it? Suppose a farmer, who in 1849 bought six hundred yards of osnaburgs for negro clothing, finds himself in 1850 in need of only five hundred and ninety-nine yards: how much would he expect the merchant to fall in price for the decrease of the demand? The principle could not apply practically in such a case, while as a mere abstraction we must admit it. And similar is the case between the United States and England. We must not estimate the decrease of demand in England for our cotton, &c., by the

other cause. Here, then, is the inducement | importation from England bears to its whole previous amount, but by the diminution of England's total demand for the articles which we produce and exchange for her fabrics. Here seems to be a principal, if not the only

ground of error on the subject.

Still, supposing there is more in this abstract objection than has been allowed, is there not great reason to suppose that it is more than neutralized by the consequential advantages which flow from the system in other directions? Must we not allow it to be a matter of much moment that this system, by transferring a large body of our population from the field to the loom, diminishes the amount and augments the price of our agricultural products, while at the same time the condition of the new manufacturers is improved? Is it a small matter, that by encouraging and extending domestic manufactories, and thus increasing competition, the prices of goods are lowered? Is the augmentation of our national independence and security, by manufacturing within our own borders all articles of prime necessity, a matter to be despised? These advantages are manifest results of this system -results promised by reason and exhibited by experience—and (leaving wholly out of view the estimated national gain of six and a quarter millions by its operation) these advantages must, in the eye of reason and true policy, far, very far outweigh an objection which exists almost, if not wholly, in abstraction. But, again, take it for granted that our exports are lessened by the operation of the tariff, and that therefore the price of domestic productions is reduced: what is the tendency of such a state of things? Why, the very ground on which foreign commerce is reduced, is that on which pari passu domestic manufacture is augmented. And what is the effect of the extension of manufactures, if it is not to increase the demand for and raise the price of the raw materials, the productions of the country, whose price had fallen from the check given to foreign demand by the tariff (according to the hypothesis)? It is obvious that if the demand for our productions is diminished abroad, the very reason of that diminution will increase the demand at home; and, cateris paribus, the demand being increased, the price is increased, (surely proportion which the diminution of our in this case, if in the other.) The whole

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matter is then reduced to this one point, viz., whether the increase of demand at home is equivalent to the decrease of foreign demand; and who can show that it is not? Say the check on our importation is an evil, and that the stimulus which it communicates to home industry and the price of home productions is, on the other hand, an advantage: do not the evil and the good appear upon mere inspection to be correspondent? Do they not appear, so far as things so indefinite in their nature can be scanned, to be proximately, if not exactly equal? Such is very strongly the appearance; and if true, then all the other advantages before enumerated are so much clear gain—the ill effect of the system on home production in one way, being counteracted by a corresponding advantage in another.

. But the feature of this system which, in its present modification, is most odious to its opponents, is the protective policy which it While on the one hand it is admitted that the Government may constitutionally levy such duties on foreign commerce as may be necessary for its support, it is wholly denied on the other that such duties may be so laid as to afford protection to our own domestic manufactures. Let us fairly consider this objection, and see whether it is founded in wisdom or in sophistry. Upon what is it based? Upon the assumption that the Federal Constitution authorizes a tariff for revenue, and for revenue only; and that the present tariff, being as certainly a protective as it is a revenue tariff, (protection and revenue both being objects of the measure,) it is therefore, quoad the protective feature, without constitutional authority. It would be unreasonable to suppose that an objection so popular would fail to be specious; and specious this is; but it is only specious. It is certain that the Legislature can lay duties for revenue. All admit it. And is it not certain that the Constitution does not impose upon it a single restriction, making any article of commerce more or less dutiable than another, or limiting in any manner the rates of duties? this is certain. And what does this grant of power, thus unrestricted as to both the subjects and the rates of duty, amount to? Why, most palpably to a discretionary power to lay any duties on any articles of foreign

enue. He has not ordinary perception who cannot see this. Now the Federal Legislature in 1842 did-what? For the purpose of raising revenue, they, in their discretion as to both the subjects and the rates of duty, laid a tariff on foreign merchandise. Did they not then act in most implicit obedience to the Constitution? The Constitution did not require that the Legislature should or should not have other objects associated with that of revenue; but if it legalized an object by the execution of which another might be attained, (no other law prohibiting,) then it legalized the latter also: and this conclusion is inevitable; for the Constitution, leaving the Legislature at large as to both rates and dutiable articles, gave them power to establish any: the Legislature choosing the protective rates, &c., are therefore within the Constitutional power. Take an illustration: Suppose the Federal Government should determine to enlarge our navy by the addition of twelve ships of the line, and should authorize its agents to employ mechanics to build them: now suppose these agents who have this authority (the sole assigned object of which is the building of the ships) should, in contracting with builders, associate with the leading object (the building of the ships) the additional and humane object of letting the work to certain applicants, who, while equally as skilful as others, had the misfortune to be extremely poor; and suppose they should act under this motive: will any man say that this would be transcending authority? Surely not; and still this is a parallel case with the other. Suppose also (as we reasonably may) that the tariff of 1842 was laid precisely as it was, but that the object of protection was not in the mind of the Legislature when it was laid; or that it was laid with an eye to revenue only, and otherwise wholly at random: would not the effects have been precisely as they were? and would it not be constitutional on the very ground Most unquestionably; of its opponents? and if so, what should we think of the Constitution in reprobating a cause without any reference to its practical effects? This may not be political abstraction in the eyes of some; but that it is a distinction practically immaterial, no man can doubt.

to lay any duties on any articles of foreign It has been objected that a protective commerce whatever, in order to raise rev-tariff is of unequal operation; that it fills

the pockets of the Northern manufacturer. ! and empties those of the planter of the South. But though it must in candor be admitted to be unequal in its indirect effects, yet who would have the temerity to condemn a measure for an imperfection no greater than this, when compared with the great extent and variety of its advantages? It protects the agriculturist and the manufacturer, the whole country over; and these are the principal departments of industry. That its protection should be precisely equal to all, could not be expected; it is not in the nature of things that it should be so. Nor would the operation of a tariff, however modified, be precisely and universally equal. And why is it that the common experience of men does not teach them this? If a bridge is to be built, or a road to be opened in one of the counties of Virginia, (a matter of familiar occurrence,) though the bridge or the road may be of use to only a small portion of that county, yet do all the taxpaying citizens contribute alike to its construction. Now, what is this inequality in the operation of the tariff but a complete analogy to that manifested in the case of the bridge or the road? Yet men speak of the one as iniquitous, and the other goes unblamed.

Touching the attention that should be paid to the description of foreign goods in adjusting the duties upon them, it is proper to observe generally, that the higher the comparative necessity of an article to the public security, the higher comparatively should be the duty upon it, if the manufacture of the article is practicable at home. Anti-restrictive writers on political economy agree that the necessity of an article to the public security is, as to that article, good ground of exception to the anti-restrictive rule. To define exactly what is meant by articles necessary to public security would be extremely difficult. Perhaps a definition which would be true at one time would not be so at another. The condition, habits, and manners of a people are ever varying, and with them vary their necessities. Now, the necessities of a nation being changed, the articles which supply these necessities are changed also; and these articles are necessary to the public security: for the public security consists, in part, in the possession of

and defense; and these articles are ever varying with times and circumstances. The enlightened wisdom of the Federal Legislature, then, is probably a sufficient guarantee that such modifications of the tariff will be successively adopted as the condition of the country shall from time to time indicate to

be proper.

It has been alleged in objection to the tariff, that in encouraging the establishment of large manufacturing communities, its effeet is demoralizing and mobocratic. But how can that be? The answer would probably be this. That the laborers in such establishments are collected from the lowest walks of life, and are, therefore, the most ignorant and the most vicious members of society; that, being brought into contact in large bodies, their vicious propensities by union (like alloyed metals) acquire a power greater than the sum of their individual powers when separate; and that riots, mobs. and gross immoralities are the consequences.

There is certainly an apparent force in the objection, for it must be acknowledged that (cæteris paribus) vice concentrated is mightier and more mischievous than when generally diffused. But is it just to denounce such associations, simply because they are found to be connected with an evil tendency? or would it be the wiser way to inquire whether or not such tendency is rebutted by equivalent or greater advantages from the same source? The answer is obvious. The laborers that vesterday lounged in idleness along the streets, without the means of life, or strolled over the country to procure by plunder the bread of subsistence, are to-day sent to a factory where they are put to regular employment, under the superintendence of men eminent for their integrity and business capacity. Here they are paid for their services, and are at the same time incidentally restrained from the thousand misdeeds of which idleness and want are the certain progenitors. Yesterday they were without the restraint which rational control imposes; to-day they are under its influences: yesterday they were in want, under temptations to falsehood, robbery and murder; to-day their wants are removed, and they are delivered from their temptations. They cannot indulge vicious propensities during the day, the necessary articles of ordinary comfort because they are employed, and at night

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fatigue inclines them to sleep. Now, in l candor and sound reason, is not the evil tendency, which has been suggested, far more than rebutted? That mobs may sometimes occur in such establishments, is not denied; but the history of nations (and even of England and our own country) shows that a factory laborer is not a necessary constituent of a mob. And even if it were so, still the good seems to preponderate over the evil in the moral effect of the institution. Nor does there appear any good reason to suppose that manufacturing institutions impoverish their operatives. Men will naturally take employment where they can obtain the highest wages. Now, if the laborer (who has no land of his own) procures higher wages from the manufacturer than the farmer, do the higher wages make him poor? The poverty of the civilized world has diminished with the extension of manufacturing institutions. Without such institutions, what would be the poverty and the suffering of Great Britain, with her millions of population? The wretchedness of her people is great now, but if these institutions should be suppressed, it would be immeasurable. Suppose her population annually increasing, while the extent of her soil is fixed: the demand for agricultural labor thus remains stationary, while the supply continually increases. In this way the price of labor goods.

gradually falls, and it falls under the operation of a continually accumulating cause. At this juncture appears the manufacturing system: the laboring population is divided; some go to the factories, some to the fields. The supply of agricultural labor of course diminishes, and the demand remaining the same, the price must rise. Again, the factory laborer must get as high wages as the agricultural, or he will naturally seek employment elsewhere. Thus the condition of both classes is improved, and the indefinite expansibility of the manufacturing system enables the country by successive enlargements to keep pace with the growth of her wants, resulting from the growth of her population. In this point of view, the system appears to be actually, necessary to the well-being, if not to the very existence of the nation. Her people remain at home, and, within the small compass of her factory walls, indirectly cultivate millions of acres of every soil and climate on the globe.

Such, briefly, are the nature and effects of the tariff system; and it would be difficult to believe that a measure fraught with so many advantages can fail to command the earnest attention of the country at large, that we may be saved by it from the disasters to which we are so evidently hastening under the present over-importation of foreign goods.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

WE beg to say to our friends, with the commencement of a new volume, that we have made, and are making, arrangements for great improvements in the various departments of the Review. Without varying from the well-established principles which have guided the past years of its existence, greater care shall be exercised in the supervision of the articles admitted. We have made arrangements for a monthly article on European events and politics, to be written in Paris, by a gentleman who will possess peculiar facilities for information. We hope to make this a very acceptable feature in the Review. take the liberty of sending to each of our subscribers during the present month a circular, defining more particularly our position and intentions, which we will take as a great favor if all will read, and communicate to us any suggestions that may occur. In view of the coming Presidential contest we wish to have all our armor ready, and to feel the sustaining countenance of our friends. The calm at present in the political atmosphere allows us to nearly suspend the subject for the present, but our friends will be, we think, amply compensated by the rich historical and literary matter we present in the present number. We trust next month to be able to take a survey of the field of the coming fight.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Eastbury: A Tale. By Anna Harrier Drury, authoress of "Friends and Fortune." New-York: Harper & Brothers.

We dipped into the first chapter of this delightful volume as we were borne along the Hudson by the rushing engine that has invaded the solitudes of its highlands. As the book opens in a rail-car, the appropriateness of the place to the reading of said chapter will be apparent; but when the scenery outside, and the short time which the "arrowy flight" through it you are taking allows the pent-up mind to expand to its grandeurs, are considered, it will not be surprising that our investigations into the merits of the book proceeded no further than the railroad chapter in question.

Some books, however, there are, whose quality one has no more hesitation in judging of by a bite than one would have in deciding about a peach in the same way; or to be more seasonable in our illustration, than we had when, after reaching our destination, we hesitated not, from the first spoonful, to express an emphatic approbation touching the soild strausberries and pure cream put before us by our friend—gathered from his own hills and fields. Reader, you will find this to be such a book, or our theory, so pleasantly illustrated, is false.

Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German by E. C. Otte. Vol. III. Harper & Brothers.

In a mere notice we can only announce the fact of the appearance of this third volume of the great work of Humboldt. We shall endeavor to recur to it more particularly in an extended review. It will undoubtedly be referred to hereafter as one of the enduring works of this age, a prominent landmark in its progress.

The Heir of Wast-Wayland: A Tale. By MARY HOWITT. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is one of those charming stories of Mrs. Howitt that it is only necessary to announce, so well known are the purposes of all her works, and so admirable her method of executing them.

History of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. By Jacob Abbote. With Engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is another of the series of admirable historico-biographical books, to which we have so often called the attention of our readers. Our admiration for the manner in which Mr. Abbott

executes his task, is increased by each addition to the series. We are glad to learn that no works of the kind have ever been more highly appreciated, as evinced by the extent of the sales.

Caleb Field: A Tale of the Puritans. By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

A quaintly but exquisitely written story, which we can heartily commend to the lovers of the pure and good.

Fresh Gleanings; or, a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ik. Marvel. New-York; Charles Scribner.

It may be that our opinions are influenced by the fact of the appearance originally of some portions of this book in our own columns, (which our readers will pleasantly remember under the title of "Notes by the Road,") but it is with us the favorite book of this elegant writer. There has been no book among the multitude of travels, that, to our taste, approaches this in certain qualities. Its freshness of feeling, its quiet observation and characteristic touches of pathos and humor, make altogether the most charming of all recent books.

The more popular subject which Mr. Mitchell hit in his last most successful work, "The Reveries," suddenly awakened the public to the existence of a rare genius that they had neglected, and now these new editions of former works are demanded. Nor will they, we venture to say, disappoint the appreciative.

Land and Lee in the Bosphorus and Ægean; or Views of Athens and Constantinople. By Rev. Walter Colton, late of the United States Navy. Edited, from the Notes and Manuscripts of the Author, by Rev. Heney T. Cheever, New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John street

Another delightful volume by the author of "Ship and Shore." It is full of the peculiar grace, wit, and spirit that characterize all the writings of the lamented chaplain. We know of no more joyous and pleasant companion into the regions he describes, and we shall contribute to the enjoyment of all whom our notice may attract to the book should they conclude to put it among their collection for their summer vacation.

Para; or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon, By John Esalas Warren. New-York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

The style of this book is too ambitious and

florid; obscuring by too great a verbiage rather than increasing to the mind of the reader the vividness of the scenes described. Amid scenes of such natural grandeur and such luxuriance of tropical verdure, it is to be sure hardly possible to restrain the pen within the limits of strict taste; and it may therefore be that our readers will not agree with our criticism. The intrinsic interest of the subject of the volume is so great that we can safely commend it.

The Religion of Geology and its connected Sciences. By Edward Hitchcook, D.D., LLD., President of Amherst College, and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

After the various works which have been published of late upon the subject of Geology and kindred sciences, one was particularly required directly to the point aimed at in the above work. It required also that a professed theologian and a profound naturalist, combined in the one individual, should undertake the task. As this work answers in all respects this desideratum, we may congratulate the public, both theological and lay, on its opportune appearance.

Practical Mercantile Correspondence. A collection of Modern Letters of Business, with Notes critical and explanatory, an Analytical Index, and an Appendix, containing pro forma invoices, account sales, bills of lading, and bills of exchange. Also, an explanation of the Germanchain rule, as applicable to the calculation of exchanges. By William Anderson. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

It is only necessary for us to give the title of this book, as every one interested in the subject will perceive from it, that if properly executed, a great desideratum has been supplied for the wants of the rising mercantile generation. And as to the merits of the book itself, what they are may be inferred from the fact that it has received the compliment of translation into several of the European languages.

The Book of Oratory: A new collection of extracts in Prose, Poetry, and Dialogve, containing selections from distinguished American and English Orators, Divines, and Poets; of which many are specimens of the Eloquence of Statesmen of the present day. For the use of Colleges, Academies and Schools. By EDWARD C. MARSHALL, M.A., late Instructor in the Military School at West Point, in Geneva College, and in the New-York University. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

In giving the above title-page in full, we need only add, that the names of the compiler and publishers are a sufficient guarantee for the manner in which the work is executed.

Guide to the White Mountains and Lakes of New-Hampshire. Concord, N. H.: Tripp & Osgood. New-York: C. H. Tripp, 262 Greenwich street.

An admirable pocket-guide to those favorite places of summer resort,

The American Cotton Spinner, and Manager's and Carder's Guide. A Treatise on Cotton Spinning, &c., &c.

The Moulder's and Founder's Pocket Guide, A Treatise on Moulding and Founding, &c., &c. Philadelphia: A. Hart & Co.

These two volumes will be found of great value to all those engaged in the two extensive and important branches of art to which they refer. They are an evidence of the progress of artistic and scientific skill among us, notwithstanding its strugglewith foreign competition.

A School Dictionary of the Latin Language. By Dr. J. Kaltschmidt. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea

This volume is one of the celebrated classical series of Schmitz & Zumpt, so highly recommended by the various professors and teachers throughout the country.



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